

THE 238631
WORKS
OF

VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. III.

G L A S G O W:

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V O L. III.

CONTAINING THE LAST SIX
BOOKS OF THE AENEIS.



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VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

KING Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel, Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces, and the names of their commanders are here particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.

From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
 Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
 And the sea trembled with her silver light.
 Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
 (Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun)
 A dang'rous coast: the goddess wastes her days
 In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays:
 In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night,
 And cedar brands supply her father's light.
 From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the main,)
 The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
 The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
 And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailor's ears.
 These from their caverns, at the close of night,
 Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
 Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r
 (That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)
 With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
 Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd
 With monsters, lest the Trojan's pious host
 Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast;
 Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night,
 With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.
 Supply'd with these, they skim the sounding shore,
 And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
 Now when the rosy morn began to rise,
 And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the skies;
 When Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own,
 And from her face the breathing winds were blown:
 A sudden silence sat upon the sea,
 And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.

The Trojan, from the main beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades, and a brown horror, stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpl'd; and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And rowl'd his yellow billows to the sea:
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood;
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
The captain gives command, the joyful train
Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.
Relate what Latium was, her ancient kings:
Declare the past, and present state of things,
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought;
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man.
For I shall sing of battles, blood and rage,
Which princes, and their people did engage:
And haughty souls, that mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursu'd and found their fate:
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger scene of action is display'd,
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus old and mild, had long possess'd
The Latian sceptre, and his people bless'd:

His father Faunus : a Laurentian dame
 His mother, fair Marica was her name.
 But Faunus came from Picus, Picus drew
 His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
 Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,
 Had Saturn author of his family.
 But this old peaceful prince, as heav'n decreed,
 Was blest'd with no male-issue to succeed :
 His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate ;
 One only daughter heir'd the royal state,
 Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
 The neighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.
 Among the crowd, but far above the rest,
 Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.
 Turnus for high descent, and graceful mien,
 Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen :
 With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand :
 But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long growth there stood
 A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood ;
 Where rites divine were paid ; whose holy hair
 Was kept, and cut with superstitious care.
 This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
 Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd :
 And last in honour of his new abode,
 He vow'd the laurel, to the laurel's god.
 It happen'd once, (a boding prodigy,)
 A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky,
 Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
 Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight :

There, with their clasping feet together clung,
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An antient augur prophesy'd from hence:
Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!
From the same parts of heav'n his navy stands,
To the same parts on earth: his army lands;
The town he conquers, and the tow'r commands.
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her fire;
Strange to relate, the flames, involv'd in smoke
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke;
Caught her dishevell'd hair, and rich attire;
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views;
Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews.
The nymph who scatters flaming fires around,
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd:
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and change the state.
Latinus, frighted with this dire oment,
For counsel to his father Faunus went:
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's sulph'rous fountain lye.
To these the Latian, and the Sabine land
Fly, when distress'd, and thence relief demand.
The priest on skins of off'rings takes his ease;
And nightly visions in his slumbers sees:

A swarm of thin aerial shapes appears,
 And, flutt'ring round his temples, deafs his ears :
 These he consults, the future fates to know,
 From pow'rs above, and from the fiends below.
 Here, for the gods advice, Latinus flies,
 Offering a hundred sheep for sacrifice :
 Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
 He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
 No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
 When, from above, a more than mortal sound
 Invades his ears; and thus the vision spoke :
 Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke
 Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
 A foreign son upon the shore descends,
 Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
 His race in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
 Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound :
 'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around.
 These answers in the silent night receiv'd,
 The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd :
 The fame through all the neigh'ring nations flew,
 When now the Trojan navy was in view.

Beneath a shady tree the hero spread
 His table on the turf, with cakes of bread ;
 And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
 They fate, and (not without the god's command)
 Their homely fare dispatch'd, the hungry band
 Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
 To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flow'r.
 Æscanius this observ'd, and, smiling, said,
 See, we devour the plates on which we fed.

The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Shou'd find repose, and this the time and place.

Aeneas took the word, and thus replies;

(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes)

All hail, O earth! all hail my household gods,

Behold the destin'd place of your abodes!

For thus Anchises prophecy'd of old,

And this our fatal place of rest foretold.

" When on a foreign shore, instead of meat,

" By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat;

" Then ease your weary Trojans will attend:

" And the long labours of your voyage end.

" Remember on that happy coast to build:

" And with a trench inclose the fruitful field,

This was that famine, this the fatal place,

Which ends the wand'ring of our exil'd race.

Then, on to morrow's dawn, your care employ,

To search the land, and where the cities lye,

And what the men; but give this day to joy.

Now pour to Jove, and after Jove is best,

Call great Anchises to the genial feast:

Crown high the goblets with a chearful draught;

Enjoy the present hour, adjourn the future thought.

Thus having said, the hero bound his brows,

With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows:

Adoring first the genius of the place;

Then Earth, the mother of the heav'nly race;

The nymphs, and native god-heads yet unknown,

And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne,

And antient Cybel, and Idaean Jove;

And last his sire below, and mother queen above.

Then heav'n's high monarch thund' red thrice aloud,
And thrice he shook aloft, a golden cloud.
Soon thro' the joyful camp a rumor flew,
The time was come their city to renew:
Then ev'ry brow with chearful green is crown'd,
The feasts are doubl'd, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives' names, their towns, explore
The coasts, and trendings of the crooked shore:
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands,
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.

The pious chief, who fought by peaceful ways,
To found his empire, and his town to raise;
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs:
(The spacious palace where their prince resides;)
And all their heads with wreaths of olive hides.
They go commission'd to require a peace;
And carry presents to procure access.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
His new elected seat, and draws the lines:
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.

Mean time the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town, and lofty tow'rs survey:
At length approach the walls: without the gate
They see the boys, and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain;
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein:

Some bend the stubborn bow for victory;
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince;
That foreign men, of mighty stature came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood:
And round inclos'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight;
Surpris'd at once with rev'rence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sov'rain power:
In state the monarchs march'd, the listors bore
Their awful axes, and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of pray'r;
And here the sacred senators repair:
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their off'ring, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandfires stood,
Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:
And antient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There good Sabinus, planter of the vines,
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines:
And studiously surveys his gen'rous wines.
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.

Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears;
 And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
 And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
 Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
 Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
 His other wav'd a long divining wand.
 Girt in his gabine gown the heroe fate:
 Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.
 For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
 Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
 The mixing pow'rful herbs, with magic art,
 She chang'd his form, who cou'd not change his heart;
 Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
 With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pyc.
 In this high temple, on a chair of state,
 The seat of audience, old Latinus fate;
 Then gave admission to the Trojan train,
 And thus, with pleasing accents, he began.
 Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own;
 Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown;
 Say what you seek, and whither were you bound?
 Were you by strefs of weather cast a-ground?
 Such dangers as on seas are often seen,
 And oft befall to miserable men?
 Or come, your shipping in our ports to lay,
 Spent and disabl'd in so long a way?
 Say what you want, the Latians you shall find
 Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd:
 For since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
 His hospitable customs we retain.

I call to mind, but (time the tale has worn,)
Th' Arunci told; that Dardanus, tho' born
On Latian plains, yet fought the Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before:
From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his birth,
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and as a god augments their sacrifice.
He said. Ilioneus made this reply,
O king, of Faunus royal family!
Nor wint'ry winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.
Willing we fought your shores, and hither bound,
The port so long desir'd, at length we found.
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above,
And as our race, our king descends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest, Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
Shook Asia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea:
And such as born beneath the burning sky,
And sultry sun betwixt the tropics lye.
From that dire deluge, through the wat'ry waste,
Such length of years, such various perils past:

At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
 To beg what you without your want may spare;
 The common water, and the common air,
 Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
 Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
 Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
 Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
 Besides, what endless honour you shall gain
 To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.
 Now, by my sov'raign, and his fate I swear,
 Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;
 Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
 And what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
 Despise not then, that in our hands we bear
 These holy boughs, and sue with words of pray'r.
 Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
 Have doom'd our ships to see the Latian land.
 To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
 Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends:
 Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
 And where Numicus opes his holy source.
 Besides our prince presents, with his request,
 Some small remains of what his fire possess'd,
 This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,
 Anchises did in sacrifice employ:
 This royal robe, and this tiara wore
 Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore
 In full assemblies, and in solemn games;
 These purple vests were weav'd by Dardan dames.
 Thus while he spoke, Latinus rowl'd around
 His eyes, and fix'd a while upon the ground.

Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
Not by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest:
But pond'ring future things of wond'rous weight;
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate:
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
And then revolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed:
This was the race, that sure portents foreshew
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his chearful head, and spoke:
The pow'rs, said he, the pow'rs we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpose with their augury.
Have what you ask; your presents I receive,
Land where, and when you please, with ample leave:
Partake and use my kingdom as your own;
And shall be yours, while I command the crown.
And if my wish'd alliance please your king,
Tell him he shou'd not send the peace, but bring:
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear;
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
I add to his commands, my own request:
One only daughter heirs my crown and state,
Whom, not our oracles, nor heav'n, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies permit to join
With any native of th' Ausonian line.
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far,
Such is our doom) a chief renown'd in war:

Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
Himself to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire.
He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed;
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd;
Of these he chose the fairest and the best,
To mount the Trojan troop; at his command,
The steeds caparison'd with purple stand;
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.
Then to his absent guest the king decreed
A pair of courfers born of heavenly breed:
Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire;
Whom Circe stole from her celestial fire:
By substituting mares, produc'd on earth,
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends;
And the rich present to the prince commends.
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans born,
To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.
She saw the Trojan, and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main;
Design a town, and with unhop'd success
Th'embassadors return with promis'd peace.
Then pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head
Sigh'd from her inward soul; and thus she said.

O hated off-spring of my Phrygian foes!
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Cou'd they not fall unpity'd, on the plain,
But slain revive, and taken, scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Thro' fires, and swords, and seas, they forc'd their
way.

Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent,
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
I thro' the seas pursu'd their exil'd race:
Engag'd the heav'ns, oppos'd the stormy main;
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?
On Tyber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storm's and Juno's hate.
Mars cou'd in mutual blood the Centaurs bath,
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath:
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon:
What great offence had either people done?
But I, the consort of the thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war:
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
If native pow'r prevail, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succour from without:
If Jove and heav'n my just desires deny,
Hell shall the pow'r of heav'n and Jove supply.

Grant that the fates have firm'd, by their decree,
 The Trojan race to reign in Italy;
 At least I can defer the nuptial day,
 And with protracted wars the peace delay:
 With blood the dear alliance shall be bought;
 And both the people near destruction brought.
 So shall the son-in-law, and father join,
 With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
 O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
 With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!
 Bellona leads thee to thy lover's band,
 Another queen brings forth another brand;
 To burn with foreign fires another land!
 A second Paris, diff'ring but in name,
 Shall fire his country with a second flame.

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,
 With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound;
 To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
 Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
 This fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
 One who delights in wars, and human woes.
 Ev'n Pluto hates his own mishapen race:
 Her sister-furies fly her hideous face:
 So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
 So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
 Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spirit:
 O virgin-daughter of eternal Night,
 Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
 My right, and execute my just disdain.
 Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
 Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince:

Expell from Italy that odious name,
 And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
 'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
 Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate;
 And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
 Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays,
 And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
 Now shake from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds
 Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
 Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
 Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war.
 Fear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
 The fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
 And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
 She to the Latian palace took her flight.
 There sought the queen's apartment, stood before
 The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
 Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
 Pier'd with disdain for Turnus dispossess'd,
 And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
 From her black bloody locks the fury shakes
 Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes:
 With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,
 And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart.
 That thus envenom'd she might kindle rage,
 And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
 Unseen, unfelt; the fiery serpent skims
 Betwixt her linnen, and her naked limbs.
 His baleful breath inspiring, as he glides,
 Now like a chain around her neck he rides;

Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
 And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.
 At first the silent venom slid with ease,
 And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
 Then ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
 In plaintive accents she began the war:
 And thus bespoke her husband; Shall, she said,
 A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
 If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
 Pity my tears, and pity her desert:
 I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
 You wou'd, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
 The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
 And bear the royal virgin far away!
 A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
 In shew of friendship, fought the Spartan shore;
 And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
 Think on a king's inviolable word;
 And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord:
 To this false foreigner you give your throne,
 And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
 Resume your antient care; and if the god
 Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood:
 Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
 Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
 Then if the line of Turnus you retrace;
 He springs from Inachus of Argive race.
 But when she saw her reasons idly spent,
 And cou'd not move him from his fix'd intent;
 She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
 Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast;

She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills, with horrid howls, the public place:
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:
Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowd and kindles as she goes.
Nor yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
She flies the town, and mixing with a throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along:
Wand'ring through woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus! cry'd aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
Evoe, O Bacchus thus began the song,
And Evoe! answer'd all the female throng:
O virgin! worthy thee alone, she cry'd;
O worthy thee alone, the crew reply'd.
For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with thy winding ivy wreaths her lance.
Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress known,
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:
All clad in skins of beasts the jav'lin bear,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair:
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suff'ring air.
The queen, herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine:

Then rowl'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song:
To ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold, your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
If there be here, she said, who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain:
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies, and nocturnal rites prepare.
Amata's breast the fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades.
Then when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war:
Rais'd on her dusky wings she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danae, pregnant with almighty gold:
Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
Of following Argives, thro' the stormy main,
Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign
'Twas Ardua once, now Ardea's name it bears:
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.
Here in his lofty palace Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep: The fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd,
The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.
Prop'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien,
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene:
Deep dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws,
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws:

Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive-wreath are crown'd.
Old Calibe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno now she seem'd, and thus began,
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man.
Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain,
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain:
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
The bride and sceptre which thy blood has bought,
The king transfers, and foreign heirs are sought:
Go now, deluded man, and seek again
New toils, new dangers on the dusty plain.
Repel the Tuscan foes, their city seize,
Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.
This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends, I bear
Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
Haste, arm your Ardeans, issue to the plain,
With fate to friend, assault the Trojan train:
Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lye
In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
Own his old promise, and his new forget;
Let him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
For such is heav'n's command. The youthful prince
With scorn reply'd, and made this bold defence.
You tell me, mother, what I knew before,
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore:

I neither fear, nor will provoke the war;
 My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.
 But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
 Of arms imagin'd, in your lonely cell:
 Go, be the temple and the gods your care,
 Permit to men the thought of peace and war.

These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
 And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.
 Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn,
 Her hideous looks, and hellish form return:
 Her curling snakes, with hissings fill the place,
 And open all the furies of her face:
 Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
 She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
 And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new replies.
 High on her head she rears two twisted snakes,
 Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
 And churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks.
 Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
 Of arms, imagin'd in her lonely cell:
 Behold the fates' infernal minister;
 War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear:

Thus having said, her smould'ring torch impress'd,
 With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
 Aghast he wak'd, and, starting from his bed,
 Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.
 Arms, arms, he cries; my sword and shield prepare;
 He breaths defiance, blood, and mortal war.
 So when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
 The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:

Above the brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land;
In threat'ning embassy: then rais'd the rest,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest:
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.
Himself alone, an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house, and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprise;
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies:
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius, and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hung'ry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies:
From this light cause, th'infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast, the two Tyrrheidae bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king:

Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns : with ribbons ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide ;
And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand.
He waited at his master's board for food ;
Then sought his salvage kindred in the wood :
Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.

This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds ;
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.
Afcanius young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim :
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels thro' his panting sides.
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes ;
His old familiar hearth, and household-gods.
He falls, he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Sylvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour, from the clownish neighbourhood :
The churls assemble ; for the fiend, who lay
In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
One with a brand, yet burning from the flame ;
Arm'd with a knotty club, another came :
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.

Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
 Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist:
 But held his hand from the descending stroke,
 And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
 To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
 And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
 Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
 Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
 Such as then by Latian shepherds born,
 Adds all her breath, the rocks and woods around,
 And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
 The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
 The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
 Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
 Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
 And strain their helpless infants to their breast

The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
 With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
 The pow'rs of Troy then issuing on the plain,
 With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
 Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
 But a firm body of embattel'd men.
 At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
 The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:
 But now, both parties reinforce'd, the fields
 Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
 A shining harvest either host displays,
 And shoots against the sun with equal rays.

Thus when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
 White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
 Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies:
 'Till by the fury of the storm full blown,
 The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.

First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
 Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
 Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
 And stop'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
 Huge heaps of slain around the body rise;
 Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies:
 A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
 Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
 Five herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd,
 His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
 Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
 The fury bath'd them in each other's blood.
 Then having fix'd the flight, exulting flies,
 And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.
 To Juno thus she speaks; Behold, 'tis done,
 The blood already drawn, the war begun;
 The discord is complete, nor can they cease
 The dire debate, nor you command the peace,
 Now since the Latian and the Trojan brood
 Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood;
 Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more:
 The neighb'ring nations of th' Ausonian shore
 Shall hear the dreadful rumour, from afar,
 Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.

Then Juno thus; The grateful work is done,
 The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun:
 Frauds, fears, and fury have possess'd the state,
 And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate:
 A bloody Hymen shall th'alliance join
 Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
 But thou with speed to night and hell repair,
 For not the gods, nor angry Jove will bear
 Thy lawless wand'ring walks, in upper air.
 Leave what remains to me, Saturnia said:
 The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd;
 Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether-shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
 There lies a lake, Amsanctus is the name,
 Below the lofty mounts: on either side
 Thick forests, the forbidden entrance hide:
 Full in the centre of the sacred wood
 An arm arises of the Stygian flood;
 Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,
 Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
 Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
 And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
 To this infernal lake the fury flies;
 Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.
 Saturnian Juno now, with double care,
 Attends the fatal process of the war.
 The clowns return'd, from battle bear the slain,
 Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
 The corps of Almon and the rest are shown,
 Shrieks, clamours, murmurs fill the frightened town.

Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
 And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears:
 Proclaims his private injuries aloud.
 A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;
 A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mongrel brood
 Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear,
 In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
 And leads his dances with dishevelled hair,
 Increase the clamour, and the war demand,
 (Such was Amata's interest in the land)
 Against the public sanctions of the peace,
 Against all omens of their ill success;
 With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
 To force their monarch, and insult the court.
 But like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
 The raging tempest and the rising waves.
 Prop'd on himself he stands: his solid sides
 Wash off the sea-weeds, and the founding tides:
 So stood the pious prince unmov'd, and long
 Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
 But when he found that Juno's pow'r prevail'd,
 And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,
 He calls the gods to witness their offence,
 Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.
 Hurry'd by fate, he cries, and born before
 A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore:
 O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear
 The guilt of blood, and sacrilegious war:
 Thou, Turnus, shall atone it by thy fate,
 And pray to heav'n for peace, but pray too late.

For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
 I to the port of death securely tend.
 The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you pay,
 Is all I want, and all you take away.
 He said no more, but in his walls confin'd,
 Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd:
 Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
 But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.
 A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
 Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold;
 Their standard, when in fighting fields they rear
 Against the fierce Hircanians, or declare
 The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war:
 Or from the boasting Parthians wou'd regain
 Their eagles lost in Carrhae's bloody plain:
 Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear)
 And still are worshipp'd with religious fear;
 Before his temple stand: the dire abode,
 And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
 Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
 The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
 Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
 The Roman consul their decree declares,
 And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
 The youth in military shouts arise,
 And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.
 These rites of old by sov'reign princes us'd,
 Were the king's office, but the king refus'd.
 Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
 Of sacred peace, or loose th'imprison'd war:

But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
 Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.

Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down from high;
 At her approach the brazen hinges fly,
 The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar,
 And like a tempest issues out the war.

The peaceful cities of th'Ausonian shore,
 Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before;
 Are all on fire, and some with studious care,
 Their restiff steeds in sandy plains prepare:
 Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,
 And war is all their wish, and arms the gen'ral cry.

Part scour the rusty shields with seam, and part
 New grind the blunted ax, and point the dart:

With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
 And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.

Five cities forge their arms: th'Atinian pow'rs,
 Antemnac, Tyber with her lofty tow'rs,
 Ardea the proud, the Crustumarian town:
 All these of old were places of renown.

Some hammer helmets for the fighting field,
 Some twine young fallows to support the shield;
 The croslet some, and some the cuishes mould,
 With silver plated, and with ductile gold.

The rustic honours of the scythe and share,
 Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
 Old fauchions are new-temper'd in the fires:

The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.
 The word is giv'n, with eager speed they lace

The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.

The neighing steeds are to the chariot ty'd,
The trusty weapon sits on ev'ry side.

And now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye muses open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd th'Ausonian land,
Their arms, and armies under their command:
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred,
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain,
Scorn sat upon his brows, and sour disdain;
Defying earth and heav'n: Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen fire:
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face.
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led:
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smoaks along the field,
His father's Hydra fills the ample shield.
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs,

Of heav'nly part, and part of earthly blood,
 A mortal woman mixing with a god.
 For strong Alcides, after he had slain
 The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
 His captive herds, and thence in triumph led;
 On Tuscan Tiber's flow'ry banks they fed.
 Then on mount Aventine, the son of Jove
 The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For arms his men long piles and jav'lines bore,
 And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
 Like Hercules himself, his son appears,
 In salvage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
 About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
 The teeth, and gaping jaws severely grin.
 Thus like the god his father, homely drest,
 He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin-brothers from fair Tybur came,
 (Which from their brother Tibers took the name,)
 Fierce Coras, and Catillus, void of fear,
 Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front appear.
 Like cloud-born centaurs, from the mountain's height,
 With rapid course descending to the fight;
 They rush along, the rattling woods give way,
 The branches bend before the sweepy sway.

Nor was Praeneste's founder wanting there,
 Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
 Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains;
 A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
 And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.

His own Praeneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land:
Besides the succour which cold Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields;
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene,
A num'rous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot thro' the dusty field:
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead;
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked, when they march to fight,
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

Messapus next, (great Neptune was his sire)
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire;
In pomp appears. and with his ardour warms
A heartless train unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminia springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king.
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
When homeward from their wat'ry pastures born,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Wou'd think these troops an army train'd to war:
But flocks of fowl, that when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a num'rous band
 Of troops embody'd, from the Sabine land:
 And in himself alone, an army brought,
 'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot:
 The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
 To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
 He led the Cures forth of old renown,
 Mutuscans from the olive bearing town;
 And all th' Eretian pow'rs: besides a band
 That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land:
 And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
 And mountaineers, that from Severus came,
 And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
 And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
 And where Himella's wanton waters play.
 Casperia sends her arms, with those that ly
 By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
 The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
 And the cold Nursians come to close the rear:
 Mix'd with the natives born of Latin blood,
 Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.
 Not thicker billows beat the Lybian main,
 When pale Orion sets in wint'ry rain;
 Not thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,
 Or Lycian fields, when Phoebus burns the skies;
 Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring around,
 Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid
 ground:
 High in his chariot then Halesus came,
 A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:

From Agamemnon born; to Turnus' aid,
A thousand men the youthful hero led;
Who till the Massick foil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground:
And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
And where, with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars;
Cales and Osca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans inur'd to wants:
Light demi-launces from afar they throw,
Fasten'd with leathern thongs to gall the foe.
Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,
And on their warding arm light bucklers bear.
Nor Oebalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telen sprung:
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,
But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd;
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway;
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea:
O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees,
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees.
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold:
Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight;
Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light.
Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain-troops that Nursia sent.
The rude Equicolae his rule obey'd,
Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was their trade.
In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepar'd;
Their foil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led,
 By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid;
 And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
 His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
 And venom'd wound of serpents cou'd assuage.
 He, when he pleas'd with pow'rful juice to steep
 Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
 But vain were Marſian herbs, and magic art,
 To cure the wound giv'n by the Dardan dart.
 Yet his untimely fate, th' Angitian woods
 In ſighs remurmur'd, to the Fucine floods.
 The ſon of fam'd Hippolitus was there;
 Fam'd as his ſire, and as his mother fair,
 Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
 And nurs'd his youth along the marſhy ſhore:
 Where great Diana's peaceful altar ſtand,
 In fruitful fields and Virbius was his name.
 Hippolitus, as old records have ſaid,
 Was by his ſtepdam ſought to ſhare her bed:
 But when no female arts his mind could move,
 She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
 Torn by wild horſes on the ſandy ſhore,
 Another's crime th' unhappy hunter bore;
 Glutting his father's eyes with guiltleſs gore.
 But chaſt Diana, who his death deplor'd,
 With Aefculapian herbs his life reſtor'd.
 Then Jove who ſaw from high, with juſt diſdain,
 The dead inſpir'd with vital breath again,
 Struck to the centre with his flaming dart
 Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.

But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,
 Her care, Hippolitus, to fate unknown;
 And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove :
 Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.
 For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,
 Are coursers driv'n, who shed their master's blood ;
 Affrighted by the monsters of the flood. }
 His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
 His father's art, and warrior steeds he rein'd.
 Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
 High o'er the rest in arms the graceful Turnus rode :
 A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
 On which with belching flames Chimaera burn'd :
 The more the kindled combat rises high'r,
 The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
 Fair so grac'd his shield, but lo now
 With horns exalted stands, and seems to low :
 (A noble charge) her keeper by her side,
 To watch her walks his hundred eyes apply'd.
 And on the brims her fire, the wat'ry god,
 Rowl'd from a silver urn his crystal flood.
 A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
 With swords and pointed spears, and clatt'ring shields;
 Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands,
 And those who plow the rich Sutulian lands;
 Auruncan youth and those Sacrana yields,
 And the proud Labicans with painted shields.
 And those who near Numitian streams reside,
 And those whom Tiber's holy forests hide; }
 Or Circe's hills from the main land divide.

Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
 Or the black water of Pomptina stands.
 Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came:
 And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
 Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
 She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
 Mix'd with the first, the fierce Virago fought,
 Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger fought:
 Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
 Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
 She swept the seas, and as she skim'd along,
 Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
 Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
 Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring eyes:
 Longing they look, and gaping at the sight,
 Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight.
 Her purple habit sits with such a grace
 On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face:
 Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd,
 And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
 She shakes her myrtle jav'lin: and, behind,
 Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

V I R G I L ' S

A E N E I S.

B O O K VIII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

THE war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Aeneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Aeneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs;
His standard planted on Laurentum's tow'rs;
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had giv'n the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd;
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.

These, thro' the country took their wasteful course;
 The fields to forage, and to gather force.
 Then Venulus to Diomedé they send,
 To beg his aid Ausonia to defend:
 Declare the common danger; and inform
 The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
 Aeneas landed on the Latian coast,
 With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host;
 Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state;
 And claim'd a title from the gods and fate.
 What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,
 And how they spread his formidable name:
 What he design'd, what mischief might arise,
 If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
 Was left for him to weigh: whose equal fears,
 And common interest was involv'd in theirs.
 While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
 The Trojan floating in a flood of care,
 Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
 This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
 Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd,
 Explores himself in vain in ev'ry part,
 And gives no rest to his distracted heart.

So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
 Strike, on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
 The glitt'ring species here and there divide;
 And cast their dubious beams from side to side:
 Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
 And to the cieling flash the glaring day.
 'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep
 The birds of air, and fishes of the deep;

And beasts, and mortal men: the Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then, through the shadows of a poplar wood,
Arose the father of the Roman flood;
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd.
Undoubted off-spring of etherial race,
O long expected in this promis'd place,
Who, thro' the foes, hast born thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! The clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not, the war shall end in lasting peace;
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.

And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall ly along;
All white herself, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rowling years have run their race,
Thy son, Ascanius, on this empty space,
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame;
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth: for what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here: and plac'd on high their walls;
Their town the founder, Palanteum calls:

Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandsire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession claim:

With war infesting the new colony;
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.

To thy free passage I submit my streams:
Wake son of Venus from thy pleasing dreams;

And, when the setting stars are lost in day,

To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay.

With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease;

Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease;

When thou return'st victorious from the war,

Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.

The god am I, whose yellow water flows

Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:

Tiber my name, among the rowling floods,

Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.

This is my certain seat: in times to come,

My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome.

He said; and plung'd below, while yet he spoke:

His dream Æneas and his sleep forfook.

He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies

With purple blushing, and the day arise.

Then, water in his hollow palm he took,

From Tiber's flood; and thus the pow'rs bespoke.

Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,

And father Tiber, in thy sacred bed

Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.

Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,

Conceals thy wat'ry stores; where'er they rise,

And, bubbling from below, salute the skies:

Thou king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
 Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
 For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
 Shalt share my morning song, and ev'ning vows:
 But, oh! be present to thy people's aid;
 And firm the gracious promise thou hast made.
 Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,
 With care he chuses; manns, and fits with oars.
 Now on the shore the fatal swine is found:
 Wond'rous to tell; she lay along the ground:
 Her well fed offspring at her udders hung;
 She white herself, and white her thirty young;
 Aeneas takes the mother, and her brood,
 And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
 The foll'wing night, and the succeeding day,
 Propitious Tiber smooth'd his wat'ry way:
 He rowl'd his river back; and pois'd he stood;
 A gentle swelling and a peaceful flood.
 The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,
 Born on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
 Shouts from the land give omen to their course;
 And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
 The woods and waters, wonder at the gleam
 Of shields, and painted ships, that stem the stream.
 One summer's night, and one whole day they pass,
 Betwixt the green-wood shade; and cut the liquid glass.
 The fiery sun had finish'd half his race;
 Look'd back, and doubted in the middle space:
 When they from far beheld the rising tow'rs,
 The tops of sheds, and shepherd's lowly bow'rs:

Thin as they stood, which, then of homely clay,
 Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
 These cotts, (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
 The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.
 'Twas on a solemn day: Th' Arcadian states,
 The king and prince without the city gates,
 Then paid their off'rings in a sacred grove,
 To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
 Thick clouds of rowling smoke involve the skies;
 And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But when they saw the ships that stemm'd the flood,
 And glitter'd thro' the covert of the wood,
 They rose with fear; and left th' unfinish'd feast:
 'Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest,
 To pay the rites. Himself without delay
 A jav'lin seiz'd, and signally took his way,
 Then gain'd a rising ground; and call'd from far.
 Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what you are;
 Your bus'ness here; and bring you peace or war?
 High on the stern, Aeneas took his stand,
 And held a branch of olive in his hand;
 While thus he spoke. The Phrygians arms you see;
 Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
 By Latian foes, with war unjustly made:
 At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
 This message bear: The Trojans and their chief
 Bring holy peace; and beg the king's relief.
 Struck with so great a name, and all on fire,
 The youth replies, Whatever you require,
 Your fame exacts: Upon our shores descend,
 A welcome guest, and what you wish, a friend.

He said; and downward hasting to the strand,
 Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand;
 Conducted to the grove, Aeneas broke
 The silence first, and thus the king bespoke.
 Best of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
 I bear these peaceful branches in my hand.
 Undaunted I approach you; though I know
 Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe:
 From Atreus tho' your antient lineage came;
 And both the brother-kings your kindred claim:
 Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
 Your virtue, thro' the neighb'ring nations blown,
 Our father's mingl'd blood, Apollo's voice,
 Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
 Our founder Dardanus, as fame has sung,
 And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:
 Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
 Atlas whose head sustains the starry frame.
 Your sire is Mercury; whom long before
 On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
 Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
 Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.
 Thus from one common source our streams divide:
 Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.
 Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before:
 Nor ask'd you leave, nor did your faith implore;
 But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.
 The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue
 The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
 Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay
 The victor-troops from universal sway?

Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart the land;
 And either sea from side to side command.
 Receive our offer'd faith: and give us thine;
 Ours is a gen'rous, and experienc'd line:
 We want not hearts, nor bodies for the war;
 In council cautious, and in fields we dare.
 He said; and while he spoke, with piercing eyes,
 Evander view'd the man with vast surprise.
 Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face,
 Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace.
 O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
 In whom the features of thy father shine;
 How I recall Anchises, how I see
 His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
 Long tho' it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
 When Priam, to his sister's court design'd
 A welcome visit, with a friendly stay;
 And, through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
 Then, past a boy, the callow down began
 To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
 I saw the shining train, with vast delight,
 And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
 But great Anchises, far above the rest,
 With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
 I long'd to join, in friendship's holy bands,
 Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
 I first accosted him: I su'd, I sought,
 And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
 He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
 A Lycian quiver, and a Gnosian bow:

A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
 And two rich bridles with their bits of gold,
 Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
 The league you ask I offer, as your right:
 And when to morrow's sun reveals the light,
 With swift supplies you shall be sent away:
 Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day:
 Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
 Honour our annual feast; and take your seat
 With friendly welcome, at a homely treat.
 Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
 The youths replac'd; and soon restor'd the chear.
 On sods of turf he set the soldiers round;
 A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
 Receiv'd the Trojan chief: and o'er the bed,
 A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they spread.
 The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the wine
 In bowls, the priest renew'd the rites divine: [chine.
 Broil'd entrails are their food; and beef's continu'd
 But, when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest.
 These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
 From no vain fears, or superstition spring:
 Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
 Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
 But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful sence,
 The labours of a god we recompence.
 See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky;
 About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lye:
 Such indigested ruin, bleak and bare,
 How desert now it stands, expos'd in air!

'Twas once a robber's den; inclos'd around
 With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
 The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
 This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
 The pavement ever foul with human gore;
 Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
 Vulcan this plague begot: and, like his fire,
 Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
 Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load:
 And brought the needful presence of a god.
 Th'avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
 Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain;
 Thrice liv'd in giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
 His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
 Near Tiber's bank, to graze the shady grove.
 Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
 By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent;
 The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
 Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd.
 And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
 He drag'd 'em backwards to his rocky den.
 The tracks averse, a lying notice gave;
 And led the searcher backward from the cave.
 Meantime the herdsman heroe shifts his place:
 To find fresh pasture, and untrodden grass.
 The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
 With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.
 One heifer who had heard her love complain,
 Roar'd from the cave; and made the project vain.
 Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook,
 And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.

swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows flight,
 He clomb, with eager haste, th' aerial height.
 Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:
 Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
 Confess'd the God's approach: trembling he springs,
 As terror had increas'd his feet with wings:
 Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
 His body; on his back the door he drew.
 The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
 His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.
 He broke the heavy links; the mountain clos'd;
 And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
 The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
 The fierce avenger came with bounding haste:
 Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
 And here and there his raging eyes he rowl'd.
 He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
 With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
 Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
 And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
 A pointed flinty rock, all bare, and black,
 Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
 Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
 Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
 The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood:
 And nod'd to the left: the heroe stood
 Averse, with planted feet, and from the right,
 Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
 Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
 Gave way: heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock.

Tumbling it choak'd the flood : on either side
 The banks leap backward ; and the streams divide.
 The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread :
 And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.
 The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight ;
 The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
 So the pent vapours with a rumbling sound
 Heave from below ; and rend the hollow ground :
 A sounding flaw succeeds : and from on high,
 The gods, with hate, beheld the nether sky :
 The ghosts repine at violated night ;
 And curse th' invading sun ; and sicken at the sight.
 The graceless monster caught in open day,
 Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away ;
 Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
 His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
 The hero stands above ; and from afar
 Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
 He, from his nostrils, and huge mouth, expires
 Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires,
 Gath'ring, with each repeated blast, the night :
 To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.
 The wrathful god, then plunges from above,
 And where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
 There lights ; and wades thro' fumes, and gropes his way ;
 Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his prey.
 The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found ;
 He squeez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around.
 And in a knot his crippled members bound.
 Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes ;
 Rowl'd on a heap the breathless robber lies.

The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day;
 And through the lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
 The bulls redeem'd, breath open air again;
 Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
 The wand'ring neighbourhood, with glad surprise,
 Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size, [eyes.
 His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd
 From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
 We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
 Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows,
 As priests, were added the Pinarian house:
 Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade;
 Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
 For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
 Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.
 Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood:
 And with deep draughts invoke our common god.
 This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd:
 And poplars black and white his temples bind.
 Then brims his ample bowl: with like design
 The rest invoke the gods, with sprinkled wine.
 Mean-time the sun descended from the skies;
 And the bright evening-star began to rise.
 And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
 In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led:
 Held high the flaming tapers in their hands;
 As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands:
 Then with a second course the tables load:
 And with full chargers offer to the god.
 The Salii sing; and cense his altars round
 With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound.

One choir of old, another of the young;
 To dance, and bear the burthen of the song.
 The lay records the labours, and the praise,
 And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
 First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
 The serpents strangled, with his infant hands.
 Then, as in years, and matchless force he grew
 Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan overthrew.
 Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
 Procur'd by Juno's and Euristheus' hate.
 Thy hands, unconquer'd heroe, could subdue
 The cloud-born Centaurs; and the monster crew.
 Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood:
 Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.
 The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
 With lolling tongue lay fawning at thy feet:
 And, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
 Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
 Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
 Not huge Typhoeus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
 Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
 Hail Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
 To heav'n, and the great author of thy race.
 Receive the grateful off'rings, which we pay,
 And smile propitious on thy solemn day.
 In numbers, thus, they sung: above the rest,
 The den, and death of Cacus crown the feast.
 The woods to hollow vales convey the sound;
 The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
 The rites perform'd, the chearful train retire.
 Betwixt young Pallas, and his aged sire

The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey;
 And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
 The stranger cast around his curious eyes;
 New objects viewing still, with new surprise,
 With greedy joys enquires of various things;
 And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
 Then thus the founder of the Roman tow'rs:
 These woods were first the seat of Silvan pow'rs,
 Of nymphs, and fauns, and salvage men, who took
 Their birth from trunks of trees, and stubborn oak.
 Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
 Of lab'ring oxen, or the shining share:
 Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
 Their exercise the chase: the running flood
 Supply'd their thirst; the trees supply'd their food.
 Then Saturn came, who fled the pow'r of Jove,
 Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
 The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought;
 And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught:
 And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay,
 From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
 With his mild empire, peace and plenty came:
 And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
 A more degenerate, and discolour'd age,
 Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
 Th'Ausonians, then, and bold Sicanians came;
 And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
 Then kings, gigantic Tybris, and the rest,
 With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd.

For Tiber's flood was Albula before :
 Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
 I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
 By fortune's pow'r, and fate's resistless doom.
 Long tofs'd on seas I sought this happy land :
 Warn'd by my mother-nymph, and call'd by heav'n's
 command.

Thus, walking on, he spoke : and shew'd the gate,
 Since call'd Carmetal by the Roman state ;
 Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
 Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame :
 Who to her son foretold th'Ænean race,
 Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place.
 Then shews the forest, which in after times,
 Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
 A sacred refuge made : with this, the shrine
 Where Pan below the rock had rites divine.
 Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
 Whose grave, and tomb, his innocence attest.
 Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads ;
 Now roof'd with gold ; then thatch'd with homely
 reeds.

A reverent fear (such superstition reigns
 Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
 Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
 Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
 Th'Arcadians thought him Jove ; and said they saw
 The mighty thund'rer with majestic awe ;
 Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around ;
 And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground,

Then saw two heaps of ruins; once they stood
 Two stately towns, on either side the flood,
 Saturnia's and Janicula's remains:
 And, either place, the founder's name retains.
 Discourſing thus together, they reſort
 Where poor Evander kept his country court.
 They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall;
 Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl.
 Then, ſtooping, through the narrow gate they preſs'd,
 When thus the king beſpoke his Trojan gueſt.
 Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
 Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
 Dare to be poor: accept our homely food
 Which feaſted him; and emulate a god.
 Then, underneath a lowly roof, he led
 The weary prince, and laid him on a bed:
 The ſtuffing leaves, with hides of bears o'erſpread.

Now night had ſhed her ſilver dews around,
 And with her ſable wings embrac'd the ground,
 When love's fair goddeſs, anxious for her ſon,
 (New tumults riſing, and new wars begun)
 Couch'd with her huſband, in his golden bed,
 With theſe alluring words invokes his aid.
 And, that her pleaſing ſpeech his mind may move,
 Inſpires each accent with the charms of love.
 While cruel fate conſpir'd with Grecian pow'rs,
 To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs;
 I aſk'd not aid th' unhappy to reſtore:
 Nor did the ſuccour of thy ſkill implore.
 Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain;
 A ſinking empire longer to ſuſtain.

Tho' much I ow'd to Priam's house; and more
 The dangers of Aeneas did deplore.
 But now by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
 His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
 With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
 O still propitious pow'r, that rules my heart!
 A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.
 By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
 To forge impenetrable shields; and grace,
 With fated arms, a less illustrious race.
 Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
 Against the relics of the Phrygian kind;
 With fire and sword my people to destroy;
 And conquer Venus twice, in conqu'ring Troy.
 She said; and strait her arms, of snowy hue,
 About her unresolving husband threw.
 Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:
 His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire;
 And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
 Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
 Or fork'd lightnings flash along the skies.
 The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
 And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
 Then thus, the pow'r, obnoxious to her charms,
 Panting, and half-dissolving in her arms:
 Why seek you reasons for a cause so just;
 Or your own beauties, of my love distrust?
 Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
 Th' artificer and art you might command,
 To labour arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor fate,
 Confin'd their empire to so short a date.

And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
 My skill I promise; and my pains engage.
 Whatever melting metals can conspire,
 Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
 Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove:
 And think no task is difficult to love.

Trembling he spoke, and eager of her charms,
 He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
 Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
 Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
 Now when the night her middle race had rode;
 And his first slumber had refresh'd the god;
 The time when early housewives leave the bed;
 When living embers on the hearth they spread;
 Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise,
 With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes;
 They ply the distaff by the winking light;
 And to their daily labour add the night.

Thus frugally they earn their childrens bread:
 And uncorrupted keep the nuptial bed.
 Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
 Rose from his downy couch the forging pow'r.

Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay,
 Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare;
 Rais'd high on smoking rocks, and deep below,
 In hollow caves the fires of Aetna glow.
 The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
 Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel
 Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
 And smoaky flame through fuming tunnels soar.

Hither, the father of the fire, by night,
 Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
 On their eternal anvils here he found
 The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
 A load of pointless thunder now there lies
 Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
 These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast:
 Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
 Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
 Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
 As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame:
 And fears are added, and avenging flame,
 Inferior ministers, for Mars repair
 His broken axle-trees, and blunted war:
 And sent him forth again, with furbish'd arms,
 To wake the lazy war, with trumpet's loud alarms.
 The rest refresh the scaly snakes, that fold
 The shield of Pallas; and renew their gold.
 Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
 With eyes that rowl in death, and with distorted face.

My sons said Vulcan, set your tasks aside,
 Your strength, and master's skill, must now be try'd.
 Arms, for a hero forge: arms that require
 Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire.
 He said: They set their former work aside:
 And their new toils with eager haste divide.
 A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
 And deadly steel, in the large furnace rowl'd;
 Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare;
 Alone sufficient to sustain the war.

Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close;
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time:
By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass, with crooked tongs:
The fiery work proceeds, with rustic songs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' Eolian forge:
The chearful morn salutes Evander's eyes;
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed; his buskins meet
Above his ancles; sandals sheath his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side;
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.
Two menial dogs before their master press'd:
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace:
But meets Aeneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands; a secret feat they chuse;
Th' Arcadian first, their former talk renews.
Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom, here the Tiber bounds;
That other side the Latian state surrounds;
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.



But mighty nations I prepare to join
 Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
 You come, as by your better genius sent :
 And fortune seems to favour your intent.
 Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
 Of antient building and of high renown ;
 Torn from the Tuscans, by the Lydian race ;
 Who gave the name of Caere, to the place
 Once Agyllina call'd : it flourish'd long
 In pride of wealth ; and warlike people strong,
 'Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
 Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary pow'r.
 What words can paint those execrable times ;
 The subjects sufferings, and the tyrant's crimes !
 That blood, those murders, O ye gods replace
 On his own head, and on his impious race !
 The living, and the dead, at his command
 Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand :
 'Till choak'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
 The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
 Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more,
 The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
 The raging monster but with arms beset
 His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
 They fire his palace : while the flame ascends,
 They force his guards ; and execute his friends.
 He cleaves the crowd ; and favour'd by the night,
 To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
 By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
 With arms, their king to punishment require :

Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
 My counsel shall submit to your command.
 Their navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry
 To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.
 An antient augur, skill'd in future fate,
 With these foreboding words restrains their hate.
 Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flow'r
 Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their pow'r,
 Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
 To seek your tyrant's death, by lawful arms:
 Know this; no native of our land may lead
 This pow'rful people: seek a foreign head.

Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide;
 And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
 Trochon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
 Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament:
 The people join their own with his desire;
 And all, my conduct, as their king, require.
 But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
 And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
 And a soul conscious of its owns decay,
 Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
 My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne;
 And shou'd, but he's a Sabine mother's son;
 And half a native: but in you combine
 A manly vigour, and a foreign line.
 Where fate and smiling fortune shew the way,
 Pursue the ready path to sov'raign sway.
 The staff of my declining days, my son,
 Shall make your good or ill success his own:

In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare:
 And serve the hard apprenticeship of war.
 Your matchless courage, and your conduct view;
 And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.
 Besides, two hundred horse he shall command:
 Tho' few, a warlike and well chosen band.
 These in my name are listed: and my son
 As many more has added in his own.
 Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
 With downcast eyes their silent grief express:
 Who short of succours; and in deep despair,
 Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
 But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
 To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud.
 Thrice, forkly light'ning flash'd along the sky;
 And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were hear'd on high.
 Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear:
 And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent arms appear;
 Red'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
 The temper'd metals clash; and yield a silver sound.
 The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine,
 Aeneas only conscious to the sign,
 Presag'd th' event; and joyful view'd, above,
 Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.
 Then, to th' Arcadian king: this prodigy
 (Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
 Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign
 Is giv'n of promis'd aid, and arms divine.
 My goddess-mother; whose indulgent care,
 Foresaw the dangers of the growing war;

This omen gave; when bright Vulcanian arms,
 Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
 Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
 Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
 Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn:
 And corps, and swords, and shields, on Tiber born,
 Shall choak his flood: now sound the loud alarms;
 And Latian troops prepare your perjurd arms.

He said; and rising from his homely throne,
 The solemn rites of Hercules begun:
 And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires:
 Then chearful to his household-gods retires.
 There offers chosen sheep: th' Arcadian king
 And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
 Next of his men, and ships, he makes review,
 Draws out the best, and ablest of the crew.
 Down with the falling stream the refuse run:
 To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
 Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band;
 Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
 A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
 The king himself presents his royal guest.
 A lion's hide his back and limbs infold:
 Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.
 Fame through the little city spreads aloud
 Th'intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
 The matrons beat their breasts; dissolve in tears;
 And double their devotion in their fears.
 The war at hand appears with more affright:
 And rises ev'ry moment to the sight.

Then, old Evander, with a close embrace,
 Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face;
 Would heav'n, said he, my strength and youth recall,
 Such as I was beneath Praeneste's wall;
 Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
 And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire.
 When Herilus in single fight I slew;
 Whom with three lives Feronia did endue:
 And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore;
 Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more:
 Such, if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
 Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms:
 Nor proud Mezentius, thus unpunish'd, boast
 His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
 Ye gods! and mighty Jove, in pity bring
 Relief, and hear a father, and a king.
 If fate and you, reserve these eyes, to see
 My son return with peace and victory;
 If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight;
 If we shall meet again with more delight;
 Then draw my life in length, let me sustain,
 In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
 But if your hard decrees, which O! I dread,
 Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;
 This, O this very moment, let me die;
 While hopes and fears in equal ballance ly.
 While yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
 I strain him close within these aged arms:
 Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!
 He said, and swooning, sunk upon the ground;

His servants bore him off: and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.

The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
Aeneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these the Trojan leaders rode along:
Last, follows in the rear, th'Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
Guiled his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
The star, by whom the lights of heav'n are led:
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew;
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
The trembling wives, the walls and turrets crowd;
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud:
Which winds disperse by fits; and shew from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard around:
The neighing coursers answer to the sound:
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.

A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town:
Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Sylvanus vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks, and fields; and pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide;

By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
 Aeneas cast his wond'ring eyes around;
 And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
 Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.
 Thither his warlike train the Trojan led;
 Refresh'd his men, and weary'd horses fed.

Meantime the mother-goddes, crown'd with charms,
 Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
 Within a winding vale she finds her son,
 On the cool river's bank, retir'd alone.
 She shews her heav'nly form, without disguise,
 And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
 Behold, she said, perform'd, in ev'ry part,
 My promise made! and Vulcan's labour'd art.
 Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy;
 And haughty Turnus to the field defy.
 She said: and having first her son embrac'd;
 The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
 Proud of the gift, he rowl'd his greedy sight
 Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
 He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
 The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
 His hands the fatal sword, and corslet hold:
 One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold.
 Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright:
 So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
 He shakes the pointed spear: and longs to try
 The plaited cuishes, on his manly thigh.
 But most admires the shield's mysterious mold,
 And Roman triumphs rising on the gold.

For those, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought,
 (Not in the rolls of future fate untaught,)
 The wars in order, and the race divine
 Of warriors, issuing from the Julian line.
 The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
 There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins.
 Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung;
 The foster dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
 They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,
 She lick'd their tender limbs; and form'd them as they
 fed.

Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
 Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
 The pit resounds with shrieks: a war succeeds,
 For breach of public faith, and unexampl'd deeds.
 Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
 The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
 Weary'd with tedious war, at length they cease;
 And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
 The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand;
 Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
 A fatted sow, for sacrifice is led;
 With imprecations on the perjurd head.
 Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
 Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green;
 By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
 And his torn limbs are left, the vultures food.
 There, Porfenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings;
 And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
 One tyrant, for his fellow tyrant fights:
 The Roman youth assert their native rights,

Before the town the Tuscan army lies :
 To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
 Their king, half threatning, half disdainful stood :
 While Cocles broke the bridge ; and stem'd the flood ;
 The captive maids there tempt the raging tide :
 Scap'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide.
 High on a rock heroic Manlius stood ;
 To guard the temple, and the temple's god :
 Then Rome was poor ; and there you might behold
 The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold
 The silver goose before the shining gate
 There flew ; and by her cackle, sav'd the state.
 She told the Gauls approach : th' approaching Gauls,
 Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
 The gold, dissembl'd well their yellow hair :
 And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
 Gold are their vests : long Alpine spears they wield :
 And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
 Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance :
 And naked through the streets the mad Luperci dance :
 In caps of wool. The targets dropt from heav'n :
 Here modest matrons in soft litters driv'n,
 To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear :
 And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
 Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen :
 Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Catiline :
 Hung on a rock the traitor ; and around,
 The furies hissing from the nether ground.
 Apart from these, the happy souls, he draws :
 And Cato's holy ghost, dispensing laws.

Betwixt the quarters, flows a golden sea :
 But foaming surges, there, in silver play.
 The dancing dolphins, with their tales, divide
 The glitt'ring waves; and cut the precious tide.
 Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
 Their brazen beaks; oppos'd with equal rage.
 Actium surveys the well-disputed prize :
 Leucate's wat'ry plain, with foamy billows fries.
 Young Caesar, on the stern, in armour bright;
 Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight :
 His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
 And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
 Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales :
 And, with propitious gods, his foes assails.
 A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
 The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
 Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings.
 Th'Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
 Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war.
 And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
 His ill fate follows him; th' Egyptian wife.
 Moving they fight: with oars, and forked prows,
 The froth is gather'd; and the water glows.
 It seems, as if the Cyclades again
 Were rooted up, and jostled in the main :
 Or floating mountains, floating mountains meet :
 Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
 Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed jav'lines fly :
 The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.

The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
 With cymbals tofs'd her fainting soldiers warms:
 Fool as she was; who had not yet divin'd
 Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
 Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
 Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
 The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain;
 Nor longer dares oppose th' etherial train.
 Mars, in the middle of the shining shield
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
 The Dirae souze from heav'n, with swift descent:
 And Discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
 Divides the peace: her steps, Bellona treads,
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
 This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
 Pours down his arrows: at whose winged flight
 The trembling Indians, and Egyptians yield:
 And soft Sabeans quit the wat'ry field.
 The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails;
 And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
 Aghast she looks; and heaves her breast, for breath:
 Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
 The god had figur'd her, as driv'n along,
 By winds and waves; and scudding thro' the throng.
 Just opposite, sad Nilus, opens wide
 His arms, and ample bosom, to the tide.
 And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast:
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
 The victor, to the gods his thanks expres'd:
 And Rome triumphant, with his presence bless'd.

Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd :
 With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
 Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts; the streets with praise:
 The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
 All altars flam'd: before each altar lies,
 Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
 Great Caesar sits sublime upon his throne;
 Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone:
 Accepts the presents vow'd for victory;
 And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
 Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along:
 Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
 Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
 For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
 Then ranks the Thracians in the second row;
 With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
 And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides;
 And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides.
 And proud Araxes, whom no bridge cou'd bind:
 The Danes' unconquer'd offspring, march behind;
 And Morini, the last of human kind.

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
 By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
 With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
 Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace.
 And bears aloft the fame, and fortune of his race.

VIRGIL'S AENEID.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

TURNUS takes advantage of Aeneas's absence, fires some of his ships, (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Aeneas; which furnishes the Poet with that admirable Episode of their friendship, generosity; and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The secret shade of his great grandfire sought.
Retir'd alone she found the daring man;
And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began.
What none of all the gods cou'd grant, thy vows;
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.
Aeneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence;

And, short of succours there: employs his pains
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains:
Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs,
Unite thy forces and artack their lines.

This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight,
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.

The Daunian heroe lifts his hands and eyes;
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies.

Iris, the grace of heav'n, what pow'r divine
Has sent thee down, thro' dusky clouds to shine?

See they divide; immortal day appears;
And glitt'ring planets dancing in their spheres!
With joy these happy omens I obey;

And follow to the war, the god that leads the way.

Thus having said,, as by the brook he stood,
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
Then with his hands the drops to heav'n he throws,
And loads the pow'rs above with offer'd vows.

Now march the bold confed'rates thro' the plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining train;
Messapus leads the van; and in the rear,

The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.

In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
The mighty Turnus tow'rs above the rest:

Silent they move; majestically slow,

Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.

The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far;

And the dark menace of the distant war.

Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,

Blackning the fields, and thick'ning thro' the skies.

Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls,
What rowling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
Arm, arm, and man the works; prepare your spears,
And pointed darts; the Latian host appears.

Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend
The bulwarks, and secure their foes attend.
For their wise gen'ral with foreseeing care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful war:
Nor, tho' provok'd, in open fields advance;
But close within their lines attend their chance.
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command;
And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the rest,
A pye-ball'd steed of Thracian strain he press'd;
His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his crest,
With twenty horse to second his designs,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.

Is there, he said, in arms who bravely dare,
His leader's honour and his danger share?
Then, spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,
In sign of war, applauding shouts ensue.

Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,
He rides around the camp, with rowling eyes,
And stops at ev'ry post; and ev'ry passage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold;
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain:
And impotent of anger, finds no way
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.

The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
Securely swig the dug, beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,
Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain:
Surveys each passage with a piercing sight;
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies
Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies;
Close underneath the walls: the washing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wish'd occasion; fills his hand
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand:
Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,
And ev'ry hand with kindled fires is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly;
Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the sky.
What pow'r, O muses, cou'd avert the flame
Which threatn'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
Tell: for the fact thro' length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

'Tis said that when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,
And with a mother's majesty begun.
Grant me, she said, the sole request I bring,
Since conquer'd heav'n has own'd you for its king:
On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood;
And on the summit rose a sacred grove,
Where I was worshipp'd with religious love;

Those woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
 I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his flight.
 Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
 Let neither winds o'erfet, nor waves intomb
 The floating forests of the sacred pine;
 But let it be their safety to be mine.
 Then thus reply'd her awful son, who rows
 The radiant stars, and heav'n and earth controuls;
 How dare you, mother, endless date demand,
 For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?
 What then is fate? shall bold Aeneas ride
 Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
 Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
 The chief is landed on the Latian shore,
 Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
 At my command shall change their fading forms
 To nymphs divine: and plow the wat'ry way,
 Like Dotis, and the daughters of the sea.

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
 The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary shore;
 And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
 And the black regions of his brother god:
 He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.

And now at length the number'd hours were come,
 Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
 When the great mother of the gods was free
 To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.
 First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung
 A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and shot along:
 Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
 Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian quires:

And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
Both hosts in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.

O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear;
And know my ships are my peculiar care.
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.
No sooner had the goddesses ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient ships, their haulsers break;
And, strange to tell, like Dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
The foes, surpriz'd with wonder, stood aghast,
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste;
Old Iiber roar'd; and raising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock;
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke.
These monsters for the Trojans fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black presages sent.
He takes the cowards last relief away;
For fly they cannot; and, constrain'd to stay,
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.

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The liquid half of all the globe, is lost;
Heav'n shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.

Theirs is no more, than that small spot of ground,
 Which myriads of our martial men surround.
 Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles;
 'Twas given to Venns, they should cross the seas:
 And land secure upon the Latian plains,
 Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
 'Tis in the fate of Turnus, to destroy
 With sword and fire the faithless race of Troy.
 Shall such affronts as these, alone inflame
 The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
 My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
 And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
 Was't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,
 They fell; but will they fall a second time?
 One wou'd have thought they paid enough before,
 To curse the costly sex; and durst offend no more,
 Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
 A slight partition, a thin interval,
 Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, tho' built
 By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt?
 Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
 To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
 Less than a thousand ships will end this war;
 Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
 Let all the Tuscans, all th'Arcadians join,
 Nor these, nor those shall frustrate my design.
 Let them not fear the treasons of the night;
 The robb'd Palladium, the pretended flight:
 Our onset shall be made in open light.
 No wooden engine shall their town betray,
 Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.

No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
 Whom Hector's arms detain'd, to the tenth tardy year.
 Now, since the sun is rowling to the west,
 Give we the silent night to needful rest:
 Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare,
 The morn shall end the small remains of war.

The post of honour to Messapus falls,
 To keep the nightly-guard; to watch the walls;
 To pitch the fires at distances around,
 And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
 Twice sev'n Rutulian captains ready stand;
 And twice seven hundred horse these chiefs command:
 All clad in shining arms the works invest;
 Each with a radiant helm, and waving crest.
 Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;
 They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round:
 With lights, and chearful fires renew the day;
 And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
 And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
 Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore,
 Join works to works with bridges; tow'r to tow'r:
 Thus all things needful for defence, abound;
 Mnestheus, and brave Seresthus walk the round:
 Commission'd by their absent prince, to share
 The common danger, and divide the care.
 The soldiers draw their lots; and as they fall,
 By turns relieve each other on the wall.

Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,
 To watch the gate, was warlike Nisus' chance.

His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
 His mother was a huntress of the wood:
 And sent him to the wars; well could he bear
 His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear:
 But better skill'd unerring shafts to send:
 Beside him stood Euryalus his friend.
 Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
 No fairer face, or sweeter air could boast.
 Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun;
 One was their care, and their delight was one.
 One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
 And now were both by choice upon the guard.

Then Nisus, thus: or do the gods inspire
 This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
 A gen'rous ardour boils within my breast,
 Eager of action, enemy to rest:
 This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
 To leave a memorable name behind.
 Thou seest the foe secure: how faintly shine
 Their scatter'd fires! the most in sleep supine;
 Along the ground, an easy conquest ly;
 The wakeful few, the fuming flaggon ply:
 All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve;
 A thought unripe; and scarcely yet resolve.
 Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
 By message both would hasten his return:
 If they confer what I demand, on thee,
 (For fame is recompence enough for me)
 Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espy'd
 A way that safely will my passage guide,

Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke;
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms;
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms!
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heav'n-born heroë I attend.
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim;
And think it over-fold to purchase fame.

Then Nisus, thus; alas! thy tender years
Would minister new matter to my fears:
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust,)
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance, as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
And spare thy life; I would not perish all.
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date;
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
To bear my mangled body from the foe;
Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.
Or if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
O let not me the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue;

Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
 Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
 Her age, committing to the seas and wind,
 When ev'ry weary matron staid behind.
 To this, Euryalus, you plead in vain,
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain:
 No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes
 The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
 The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went
 To find the council at the royal tent.
 All creatures else forgot their daily care;
 And sleep, the common gift of nature, share:
 Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful fate
 In nightly council for th'indanger'd state.
 They vote a message to their absent chief;
 Shew their distress; and beg a swift relief.
 Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
 Remote from clamour, and secure from foes.
 On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
 The right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
 Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
 And beg admission, eager to be heard:
 Th'affair important, not to be deferr'd.
 Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in;
 Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.
 Then Nisus thus. Ye fathers lend your ears;
 Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
 The foe securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
 Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine:
 And where the smoke, in cloudy vapours flies,
 Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,

Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
 Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd
 Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may:
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
 For hunting in the vale, we both have seen
 The rising turrets, and the stream between;
 And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford.
 He ceas'd: and old Alethes took the word.

Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
 Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race:
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear
 In dawning youth; and souls so void of fear.
 Then, into tears of joy the father broke;
 Each in his longing arms by turns he took:
 Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke.
 Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
 In recompence of such desert, decree?
 The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,
 The gods, and your own conscious worth will give.
 The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow;
 And young Ascanius 'till his manhood owe.

And I, whose welfare in my father lies,
 Ascanius adds, by the great deities,
 By my dear country, by my household-gods,
 By hoary Vesta's rites, and dark abodes,
 Adjure you both; (on you my fortune stands,
 That and my faith I plight into your hands:)

Make me but happy in his safe return,
 Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
 Your common gift shall two large goblets be,
 Of silver, wrought with curious imagery;
 And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
 My conqu'ring fire at sack'd Arisba gain'd.
 And more, two tripods cast in antique mould,
 With two great talents of the finest gold:
 Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
 Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
 But if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
 When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain;
 Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
 That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,
 And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;
 Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young and
 fair,
 All clad in rich attire, and train'd with care,
 And last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
 And a large portion of the king's domains.
 But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
 No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
 From thee, heroic youth; be wholly mine:
 Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
 One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend;
 My life's companion, and my bosom friend.
 My peace shall be committed to thy care,
 And to thy conduct, my concerns in war.
 Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd;
 Whatever fortune, good or bad betide,

The same shall be my age, as now my youth;
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodness let me gain;
(And this ungranted, all rewards are vain)
Of Priam's royal race my mother came;
And sure the best that ever bore the name:
Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily cou'd hold
From me departing, but o'erspent, and old,
My fate she follow'd; ignorant of this,
Whatever danger, neither parting kifs,
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave;
And, in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand, and conscious night I swear,
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place,
(Permit me to presume so great a grace)
Support her age, forsaken and distress'd,
That hope alone will fortify my breast
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.
He said: the mov'd assistants melt in tears.

Then thus Ascanius, (wonder-struck to see
That image of his filial piety;)
So great beginnings, in so green an age,
Exact the faith, which I again ingage.
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim
Creusa had; and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
'Tis merit to have born a son so brave.
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
(My father us'd it) what returning here

Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share.

He said; and weeping while he spoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
Magnificent with gold, Lycaon made,
And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade:
This was his gift: great Mnestheus gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend:
And good Alethes furnish'd him beside,
With his own trusty helm, of temper try'd.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate.
With prayers and vows, above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years.
And messages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd: then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain:
They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,
Who gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore;
Unharnass'd chariots stand along the shore:
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lye.
Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the sight;
Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd;
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
And look around; while I securely go,
And hew a passage, thro' the sleeping foe.

Softly he spoke ; then striding, took his way,
 With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay :
 His head rais'd high, on tapestry beneath,
 And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath :
 A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd ;
 But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd.
 Him, and his sleeping slaves he slew. Then spies
 Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue lies:
 His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
 His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
 And his lov'd horses : last invades their lord ;
 Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword :
 The gasping head flies off ; a purple flood
 Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood :
 Which by the spurning heels, dispers'd around,
 The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
 Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong,
 He slew ; and then Serranus fair and young :
 From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
 And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast :
 Ev'n then he dream'd of drink and lucky play ;
 More lucky had it lasted 'till the day.

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold ;
 O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold ;
 And tears the peaceful flocks : with silent awe
 Trembling they lye, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
 The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys :
 But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew :
 He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhaetus flew.

Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
But Rhoetus wakeful and observing all:
Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear;
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side;
And reeking, thence return'd in crimson dy'd.
The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood,
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.

Now where Messapus quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and just alive.
The warrior-horses ty'd in order fed;
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said,
Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts : no more, my friend,
Here let our glutt'd execution end:
A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made:
The bold Euryalus, tho' loath, obey'd.
Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find
A precious load ; but these they leave behind.
Yet fond of gaudy spoils, the boy wou'd stay
To make the rich caparison his prey,
Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The girdle-belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
This present Cedicus the rich, bestow'd
On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd :
And absent, join'd in hospitable ties ;
He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize :
Till by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd
He fell ; and they the glorious gift possess'd.

These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain)
He to his body suits; but suits in vain.

Mellapus' helm he finds among the rest,
And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp; and take the ready way.

But far they had not pass'd before they spy'd
Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.

The queen a legion to king Turnus sent,
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent;
And now advancing, fought the leader's tent.
They saw the pair; for thro' the doubtful shade
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.

'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volscens from the crowd,
These men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud:
Stand, stand: why thus in arms, and whither bent;
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?

Silent they scud away, and haste their flight,
To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to night.
The speedy horse all passages belay,

And spur their smoaking steeds to cross their way;

And watch each entrance of the winding wood;

Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood:

Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,

Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn.

The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,

And fear, misled the younger from his way.

But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,

And thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd:

And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd,
 Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd.
 Till turning at the length, he stood his ground,
 And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around;
 Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
 Th' unhappy youth, where shall I hope to find?
 Or what way take! Again he ventures back:
 And treads the mazes of his former track
 He winds the wood, and list'ning hears the noise
 Of trampling coursers, and the riders voice.
 The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd
 The foes inclosing, and his friend pursu'd:
 Forlay'd and taken, while he strove in vain,
 The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
 What should he next attempt! what arms employ,
 What fruitless force to free the captive boy?
 Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
 With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife?
 Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook;
 And casting on the moon a mournful look,
 Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night;
 Fair queen, he said, direct my dart aright:
 If e'er my pious father for my sake
 Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make;
 Or I increas'd them with my silvan toils,
 And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils;
 Give me to scatter these. Then from his ear
 He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear
 The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
 Impetuous on the back of sulmo drove:

Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round, his eye-balls rowl in death,
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz'd; a second jav'lin flies,
With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies;
This thro' thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly bury'd lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Deserv'd not him who gave the fatal wound:
Nor knew to fix revenge: but thou, he cries,
Shalt pay for both, and at the pris'n'r flies,
With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep despair,
That cruel sight the lover could not bear:
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew.
Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your swords alone
On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth;
Ye moon and stars bear witness to the truth!
His only crime, (if friendship can offend,)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.
Too late he speaks; the sword, which fury guides,
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd:
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.

Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
 Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd:
 Volscens he seeks; on him alone he bends;
 Born back, and bor'd, by his surrounding friends,
 Onward he press'd: and kept him still in sight;
 Then whirl'd aloft his sword, with all his might:
 Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke;
 Pierc'd his wide mouth, and thro' his weazon broke:
 Dying, he flew; and stagg'ring on the plain,
 With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain:
 Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell;
 Content in death, to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friend! for if my verse can give
 Immortal life, your fame shall ever live:
 Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
 And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies!

The conqu'ring party, first divide the prey,
 Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
 With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
 To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
 Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest they found;
 Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround:
 And the yet reeking blood o'ersflows the ground.
 All knew the helmet which Messapus lost;
 But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.
 Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed;
 And with the dawns of day, the skies o'erspread.
 Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
 But added colours to the world reveal'd.
 When early Turnus wak'ning with the light,
 All clad in armour calls his troops to fight.

His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd;
And his own ardour, in their souls inspir'd.
This done, to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Nisus, and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears: a ghastly sight;
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls,
They line their trenches, and they man their walls:
In front extended to the left they stood:
Safe was the right surrounded by the flood.
But casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,
They saw the faces, which too well they knew;
Tho' then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
So on hasty fame, thro' the sad city bears
The mournful message to the mother's ears:
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes:
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts: she rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air. }
Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears;
Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
Was't on this face, my famish'd eyes I fed,
Ah how unlike the living, is the dead!
And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
No look, no last adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs, and fowls he lies a prey!

Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
 To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies:
 To call about his corps his crying friends,
 Or spread the mantle, (made for other ends,)
 On his dear body, which I wove with care,
 Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour spare.
 Where shall I find his corps, what earth sustains
 His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?
 For this, alas, I left my needful ease,
 Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas!
 If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
 Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
 Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,
 And send me thunder-struck to shades below!

Her shrieks and clamours, pierce the Trojans ears,
 Unman their courage, and augment their fears:
 Nor young Ascanius could the fight sustain,
 Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain:
 But Actor and Idaeus jointly sent,
 To bear the madding mother to her tent.
 And now the trumpets terribly from far,
 With rattling clangor, rouze the sleepy war.
 The soldiers shouts succeed the brazen sounds;
 And heav'n, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds.
 The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
 And rushing forward, form a moving shed;
 These fill the ditch, those pull the bulwarks down:
 Some raise the ladders, others scale the town.
 But where void spaces on the walls appear,
 Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.

With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
 The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
 Taught by their ten years siege defensive fight;
 They rowl down ribs of rocks, an unresisted weight:
 To break the penthouse with the pond'rous blow;
 Which yet the patient Volscians undergo.
 But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
 For where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
 The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way,
 And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.
 They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
 Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage.
 Contented now to gaul them from below
 With darts and slings, and with the distant bow.

Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
 A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
 But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,
 Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,
 And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town.

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Calliope begin: ye sacred nine,
 Inspire your poet in his high design;
 To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made:
 What souls he sent below the Stygian shade.
 What fame the soldiers with their captain share,
 And the vast circuit of the fatal war.
 For you in singing martial facts excel;
 You best remember; and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,
 Built up of beams; and of stupendous height;
 Art, and the nature of the place conspir'd,
 To furnish all the strength, that war requir'd.

To level this, the bold Italians join ;
 The wary Trojans obviate their design :
 With weighty stones o'erwhelm their troops below,
 Shoot thro' the loop-holes, and sharp jav'lines throw.
 Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand,
 Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand :
 It stuck, the fiery plague the winds were high ;
 The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.
 Contagion caught the posts : it spread along,
 Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.
 The Trojans fled ; the fire pursu'd amain,
 Still gath'ring fast upon the tremb'ling train ;
 Till crowding to the corners of the wall,
 Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
 The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound,
 The dead, and dying Trojans strew the ground.
 The tow'r that follow'd on the fallen crew,
 Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it flew :
 Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent ;
 All the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor only scape ;
 Sav'd, how they know not from the steepy leap.
 Helenor, elder of the two ; by birth,
 On one side royal, one a son of earth,
 Whom to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,
 And sent her boasted bastard to the war :
 (A privilege which none but free-men share.)
 Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield,
 No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
 Light as he fell so light the youth arose,
 And rising found himself amidst his foes.

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Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way;
Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay:
And like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds;
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft, against the pointed spears:
So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws
His dying body, on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet, by far,
Runs, doubles, winds and turns, amidst the war:
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And snatches at the beam he first can find.
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey,
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind,)
Fool, said the chief, tho' fleetier than the wind,
Cou'dst thou presume to scape, when I pursue?
He said, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling dastard: at the tug he falls,
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls,
Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous hare,
Jove's bird comes sailing down, from upper air;
Her crooked talons trusts the fearful prey:
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.
So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.

Then rushing onward, with a barb'rous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.

The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw.

Ilioneus as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Rowl'd down the fragment of a rock so right;
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young Liger and Asylas flew;
To bend the bow young Liger better knew;
Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.
Brave Caeneus laid Ortygius on the plain,
The Victor Caeneus was by Turnus slain.
By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar, and Ida, standing on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found;
Hurt by Themilla first; but slight the wound;
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
He clap'd his hand upon the wounded part:
The second shaft came swift and unesp'y'd,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side:
Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart;
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the rest,
In glitt'ring armour, and a purple vest.
Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,
Bred by his father in the Martian grove;
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And sent in arms to purchase early fame.
Him, when he spy'd from far the Thuscan king,
Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling:
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw,
The heated lead half melted as it flew:

It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the plain.

Then young Ascanius, who before this day
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,
First bent in martial strife, the twanging bow;
And exercis'd against a human foe,
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride, [stride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a }
In these insulting terms, the Trojans he defy'd.
Twice conquer'd cowards, now your shame is shown,
Coop'd up a second time within your town!
Who dare not issue forth in open field;
But hold your walls before you for a shield:
Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force!
What gods, what madness hither steer'd your course!
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill e'er they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
No sports, but what belong to war they know,
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.

No part of life from toils of war is free;
 No change in age, or difference in degree.
 We plow, and till in arms; our oxen feel,
 Instead of goads, the spur, and pointed steel:
 Th'inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;
 Ev'n time that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
 The body, not the mind: nor can controul
 Th'immortal vigour, or abate the soul.
 Our helms defend the young, disguise the grey:
 We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
 Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;
 In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
 Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female pride,
 Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.
 Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus again;
 Go, less than women, in the shapes of men.
 Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
 Where with unequal sound the flute invites.
 Sing, dance, and howl by turns in Ida's shade;
 Resign the war to men, who know the martial trade.

This foul reproach, Ascanius cou'd not hear
 With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
 At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
 And almost join'd the horns of the tough yew.
 But first, before the throne of Jove he stood;
 And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god.
 My first attempt, great Jupiter succeed;
 An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed:
 A snow-white steer; before thy altar led,
 Who like his mother bears aloft his head,

Bu'ts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing stands,
And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.

Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.

Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hisses thro' the skies.

The steel through both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground, Numanus lay.

Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn;

The Phrygians twice subdu'd, yet make this third return.

Ascanius said no more: the Trojans shake

The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigour take.

Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,

To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardless victor, he bespoke aloud.

Advance illustrious youth, increase in fame,

And wide from east to west extend thy name.

Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe

To thee, a race of demi-gods below.

This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine

From this beginning date the Julian line.

To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,

The conquer'd war is due; and the vast world is theirs.

Troy is too narrow for thy name. He said,

And plunging downward shot his radiant head;

Dispell'd the breathing air, that broke his flight,

Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal fight.

Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,

Now left to rule Ascanius by his fire:

His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,
 His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
 And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years.
 Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
 The warlike prize thou hast already won:
 The god of archers gives thy youth a part
 Of his own praise; nor envies equal art.
 Now tempt the war no more. He said, and flew
 Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
 The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
 And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow.
 Then duteous force they use; and Phoebus' name,
 To keep from fight, the youth too fond of fame
 Undaunted they themselves no danger shun:
 From wall to wall, the shouts and clamours run.
 They bend their bows; they whirl their slings around:
 Heaps of spent arrows fall; and strew the ground;
 And helms, and shields, and ratt'ling arms resound.
 The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
 From westward, when the show'ry Kids arise:
 Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
 When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain.
 Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
 And with an armed winter strew the ground.
 Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
 Whom Hiera, to bold Alcanor bare
 On Ida's top, two youths of height and size,
 Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise;
 Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
 And of their own accord invite the war.

With fates averſe, againſt their king's command,
 Arm'd on the right, and on the left they ſtand;
 And flank the paſſage: ſhining ſteel they wear,
 And waving creſts, above their heads appear.
 Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
 Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unſhorn;
 And overpreſs'd with nature's heavy load,
 Dance to the whiſtling winds, and at each other nod.
 In flows a tide of Latians, when they ſee
 The gate ſet open, and the paſſage free.
 Bold Quercens, with raſh Tmarus ruſhing on,
 Equiculus, that in bright armour ſhone,
 And Haemon firſt, but ſoon repulſ'd they fly,
 Or in the well-defended paſs they die.
 Theſe with ſucceſs are fir'd, and thoſe with rage;
 And each on equal terms at length engage.
 Drawn from their lines, and iſſuing on the plain,
 The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
 When ſuddenly th' unhop'd for news was brought;
 The foes had left the faſtneſs of their place,
 Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chace.
 He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
 Runs, where the giant-brothers guard the gate.
 The firſt he met, Antiphates the brave,
 But baſe-begotten on a Theban ſlave;
 Sarpedon's ſon he ſlew: the deadly dart
 Found paſſage thro' his breaſt, and pierc'd his heart.
 Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel ſtood;
 Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood,

Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
 And Meropes, and the gigantic size
 Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent eyes.
 Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd,
 A dart were lost, within that roomy breast,
 But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong;
 Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
 Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;
 Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
 Down sunk the monster-bulk, and press'd the ground;
 His arms and clatt'ring shield, on the vast body sound.
 Not with less ruin, than the Bajan mole,
 (Rais'd on the seas the surges to controul,)
 At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
 Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall,
 Of the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
 Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise.
 The frighted billows rowl, and seek the shores:
 Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:
 Typhoeus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
 Astonish'd at the flaw, that shakes the land,
 Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,
 With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.

The warrior god the Latian troops inspir'd;
 New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd:
 But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright;
 Then black despair precipitates their flight.

When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
 The town with fear, and wild confusion fill'd,
 He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
 With both his hands; and adds his shoulders to the weight.

Some happier friends, within the walls inclos'd;
The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd.

Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T'admit young Turnus, and include the war.
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold;
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.

Too late his blazing buckler they descry;
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye:
His mighty members, and his ample breast,
His ratt'ling armour, and his crimson crest.

Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;
All but the fool who fought his destiny.
Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud.
These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'Tis hostile earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of safe return by flight are left.
To whom with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,
Thus Turnus: Then begin; and try thy fate:
My message to the ghost of Priam bear,
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there.

A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew,
With his full force he whirl'd it first around;
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before;
And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.

But hope not thou, said Turnus, when I strike,
To shun thy fate, our force is not alike:

Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god :
 Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood :
 And aim'd from high : the full descending blow
 Cleaves the broad front, and beardless cheeks in two :
 Down sinks the gyant with a thund'ring sound,
 His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground ;
 Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping wound.
 Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides ;
 And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.
 The Trojans fly from their approaching fate :
 And had the victor then secur'd the gate,
 And, to his troops without, unclos'd the bars ;
 One lucky day had ended all his wars.
 But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
 Push'd on his fury, to pursue the crowd :
 Hamstring'd behind unhappy Gyges dy'd ;
 Then Phalaris is added to his side :
 The pointed jav'lines from the dead he drew,
 And their friends arms against their fellows threw.
 Strong Halys stands in vain ; weak Phlegys flies ;
 Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.
 Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall ;
 (Ingag'd against the foes who scal'd the wall :)
 But whom they fear'd without, they found within :
 At last, tho' late, by Linceus he was seen.
 He calls new succours, and assaults the prince,
 But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
 Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew ;
 And at one blow the bold aggressor flew.
 He joints the neck : and with a stroke so strong
 The helm flies off ; and bears the head along.

Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,
 In darts invenom'd, and in poison skill'd.
 Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
 And Creteus, whom the muses held so dear :
 He fought with courage, and he sung the fight :
 Arms were his bus'ness, verses his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
 Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.
 Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train,
 Whom brave Seresthus, and his troop sustain.
 To save the living, and revenge the dead ;
 Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.
 O! void of sense and courage, Mnestheus cry'd,
 Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
 Ah! where beyond these rampires can you run?
 One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun!
 Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,
 And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host?
 Forsaking honour, and renouncing fame,
 Your gods, your country, and your king you shame.

This just reproach their virtue does excite,
 They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.
 Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield;
 But with slow paces measures back the field.
 And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,
 Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.
 The more he loses, they advance the more;
 And tread in ev'ry step he trod before.
 They shout, they bear him back, and whom by might
 They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.

As compass'd with a wood of spears around,
 The lordly lion, still maintains his ground;
 Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
 Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane;
 He loses while in vain he presses on,
 Nor will his courage let him dare to run:
 So Turnus fares; and unresolv'd of flight,
 Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.
 Yet twice, inrag'd, the combat he renews;
 Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues:
 But now they swarm; and with fresh troops supply'd,
 Come rowling on, and rush from ev'ry side.
 Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,
 Dares with new strength suffice th' exhausted store.
 For Jove, with four commands, sent Iris down,
 To force th' invader from the frightened town.

With labour spent, no longer can he wield
 The heavy faulchion, or sustain the shield:
 O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,
 The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
 His golden helm gives way: with stony blows
 Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows.
 His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield
 Is falsify'd, and round with jav'lines fill'd.

The foe now faint, the Trojans overwhelm:
 And Mneitheus lays hard load upon his helm.
 Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at ev'ry pore,
 With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er.
 Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes,
 And vain efforts, and hurtless blows he makes.

Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god, the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore :
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast;
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

VIRGIL'S AENEIS.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Aeneas' return there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Aeneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist, Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth: the different actions and death of these two, are the subject of a noble episode.

THE gates of heav'n unfold; Jove summons all
The gods to council, in the common hall.
Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;
And all th' inferior world from first to last
The sov'raign senate in degrees are plac'd.

Then thus th' almighty sire began. Ye gods,
Natives, or denizens, of blest abodes;
From whence these murmurs and this change of mind
This backward fate from what was first design'd?

Why this protracted war? when my commands
 Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands.
 What fear or hope on either part divides
 Our heav'ns, and arms our pow'rs on diff'rent sides?
 A lawful time of war at length will come,
 (Nor need your haste anticipate the doom,)
 When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome:

Shall force the rigid rocks, and Alpine chains;
 And like a flood come pouring on the plains.
 Then is your time for faction and debate,
 For partial favour, and permitted hate.
 Let now your immature dissension cease;
 Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace.

Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:

But lovely Venus thus replies at large.

O pow'r immense, eternal energy!

(For to what else protection can we fly,)

Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare

In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?

How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train,

In shining arms, triumphant on the plain?

Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;

And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:

The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erflows,

With a red deluge, their increasing moats.

Aeneas ignorant, and far from thence,

Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.

This endless outrage shall they still sustain?

Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd, and fir'd again?

A second siege my banish'd issue fears,

And a new Diomede in arms appears.

One more audacious mortal will be found;
 And I thy daughter wait another wound.
 Yet, if with fates averse, without thy leave,
 The Latian lands my progeny receive;
 Bear they the pains of violated law,
 And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
 But if the gods their sure success foretell,
 If those of heav'n consent with those of hell,
 To promise Italy; who dare debate
 The pow'r of Jove, or fix another fate?
 What shou'd I tell of tempests on the main,
 Of Eolus usurping Neptune's reign?
 Of Iris sent; with Bacchanalian heat,
 T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet.
 Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
 Sollicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
 That new example wanted yet above:
 An act that well became the wife of Jove.
 Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
 The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
 Imperial sway no more exalts my mind:
 (Such hopes I had indeed, while heav'n was kind)
 Now let my happier foes possess my place,
 Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;
 And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
 Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
 No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
 Which may my wan'dring fugitives receive;
 (Since haughty Juno will not give you leave)
 Then, father, (if I still may use that name)
 By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,

I beg you let Ascanius, by my care,
 Be free'd from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
 Inglorious let him live, without a crown;
 The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
 Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.
 Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian tow'rs;
 In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs,
 Obscurely let him rest; his right resign
 To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
 Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,
 Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
 What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
 Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his fire;
 To pass the perils of the seas and wind,
 Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
 To reach th' Italian shores: if after all,
 Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
 Much better had he curb'd his high desires,
 And hover'd o'er his ill extinguish'd fires.
 To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
 And give them back to war, and all the woes before.
 Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
 And must I own, she said, my secret smart?
 What with more decency were in silence kept,
 And but for this unjust reproach had slept?
 Did god, or man, your fav'rite son advise,
 With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?
 By fate you boast, and by the gods decree,
 He left his native land for Italy:
 Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
 Than heav'n inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore!

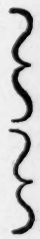
Did I perswade to trust his second Troy,
 To the raw conduct of a beardless boy?
 With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
 And thro' the waves a wand'ring voyage takes?
 When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
 The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
 Did I or Iris give this mad advice,
 Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
 You think it hard, the Latians shou'd destroy
 With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy:
 Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
 Their native air, nor take a foreign law:
 That Turnus is permitted still to live,
 To whom his birth a god and goddess give:
 But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,
 To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join.
 Realms, not your own, among your clans divide,
 And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:
 Petition, while you public arms prepare;
 Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
 'Twas giv'n to you, your darling son to shrowd,
 To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd;
 And for a man obtend an empty cloud.
 From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
 And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
 But 'tis my crime, the queen of heav'n offends,
 If she presume to save her suff'ring friends.
 Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
 You say is absent: absent let him be.
 Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian tow'rs,
 The soft recesses, and the sacred bow'rs.

Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?
Think on whose faith th' adulterous youth rely'd;
Who promis'd, who procur'd the Spartan bride?
When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise with mix'd applause;
Just as they favour, or dislike the cause:
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try:
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,
Who shakes heav'n's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the silent senate stand
With rev'rence, list'ning to the dread command:
The clouds dispell; the winds their breath restrain;
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)

Coelestials! your attentive ears incline;
Since, said the god, the Trojans must not join
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;
Since endless jarrings, and immortal hate,
Tend but to discompose our happy state;
The war henceforward be resign'd to fate.



Each to his proper fortune stand or fall,
 Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
 Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
 And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.
 Let these assault; if fortune be their friend;
 And if she favours those, let those defend:
 The fates will find their way. The thunderer said;
 And shook the sacred honours of his head;
 Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
 And the black regions of his brother-god;
 Trembled the poles of heav'n; and earth confess'd
 the nod.

This end the sessions had: the senate rise,
 And to his palace wait their sovereign thro' the skies.

Mean time, intent upon their siege, the foes
 Within their walls the Trojan host inclose:
 They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry gate:
 Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.

Th' Aeneans with in vain their wanted chief,
 Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief:
 Thin on the tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few,
 A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew:
 Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
 The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
 Asius, and Acmon: both th' Assaraci;
 Young Haemon, and tho' young, resolv'd to dye.
 With these were Clarus and Thymetes join'd;
 Tiberis and Castor, both of Lycian kind.
 From Acmon's hands a rowling stone there came,
 So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name:

Strong sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone,
His brother Mnestheus could not more have done:
Or the great father of th' intrepid son.
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;
And some with darts and some with stones defend.

Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.
His lovely face unarm'd his head was bare,
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Distinguish'd from the croud he shines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd iv'ry set,
Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,
Directing ointed arrows from afar;
And death with poison arm'd: in Lydia born,
Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn:
Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden sands.
There Capys, author of the Capuan name:
And there was Menestheus too increas'd in fame:
Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame.

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side,
Meantime the heroe cuts the nightly tide.
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief;
His name, and country told, and ask'd relief:
Propos'd the terms; his own small strength declar'd,
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:

What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;
 Then shew'd the slipp'ry state of human-kind,
 And fickle fortune, warn'd him to beware:
 And to his wholesome counsel added pray'r.
 Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs;
 And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.

They soon set sail; nor now the fates withstand;
 Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.
 Aeneas leads, upon his stern appear
 Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear:
 Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.
 Under their grateful shade Aeneas sate,
 Revolving wars events, and various fate.
 His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,
 And oft of winds enquir'd, and of the tide:
 Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;
 And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.

Now sacred sisters open all your spring,
 The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing;
 Which follow'd great Aeneas to the war:
 Their arms, their numbers, and their names declare.

A thousand youth brave Massicus obey,
 Born in the Tyger, thro' the foaming sea;
 From Asium brought, and Cosa, by his care;
 For arms, light quivers, bows, and shafts they bear.
 Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;
 His stern, Apollo's golden statue bore.
 Six hundred Populonea sent along,
 All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.
 Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
 An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.

Asylas on his prow the third appears,
 Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring stars:
 From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
 And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.
 A thousand spears in warlike order stand,
 Sent by the Pisans under his command.

Fair Astur follows in the wat'ry field,
 Proud of his manag'd horse, and painted shield.
 Gravisca noisom from the neighb'ring fen,
 And his own Coere sent three hundred men:
 With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
 All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.

Thou muse the name of Cyniras renew,
 And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:
 Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,
 And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan.
 Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,
 Whose forms, and fortunes in his ensigns fly.
 For Cygnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
 And sung his loss in poplar groves, alone;
 Beneath the sister shades to sooth his grief;
 Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd his relief:
 And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
 And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
 His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood;
 Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood,
 Who heav'd a rock, and threat'ning still to throw,
 With lifted hands, alarm'd the seas below:
 They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,
 And rowl'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train
 Of hardy warriors, thro' the watry plain.
 The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,
 From whence the Mantuan town derives the name.
 An ancient city, but of mix'd descent,
 Three sev'ral tribes compose the government :
 Four towns are under each ; but all obey
 The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.

Hate to Mezentius, arm'd five hundred more,
 Whom Mincius from his fire Benacus bore ; [o'er.] }
 Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd }
 These grave Auletes leads. A hundred sweep,
 With stretching oars at once the glassy deep :
 Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
 High on his poop the sea-green god appears :
 Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound,
 And at the blast the billows dance around.
 A hairy man above the waste he shows,
 A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows ;
 And ends a fish : his breast the waves divides,
 And froth and foam augment the murm'ring tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train,
 For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
 And Phoebe half her nightly race had run.
 The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
 Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.
 A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
 Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood :
 But now as many nymphs the sea they sweep,
 As rode before tall vessels on the deep

They know him from afar; and, in a ring,
Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast,
Her right hand stops the stern, her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:
She spoke for all the choir; and thus began,
With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man.
Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born! awake,
Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track;
And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height descending to the sea:
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then loos'd from shore we fled his fires prophane;
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain)
And since have fought you thro' the Tuscan main.
The mighty mother chang'd our forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the seas.
But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd,
By your insulting foes is hardly press'd.
Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host
Advance in order on the Latian coast:
To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,
First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight:
Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.
To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain,
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain.

Parting, she spoke; and with immortal force,
 Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course:
 (For well she knew the way) impell'd behind,
 The ship flew forward, and outstripp'd the wind.
 The rest make up unknowing of the cause
 The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heav'n his eyes;
 Hear thou, great mother of the deities!
 With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hill,
 Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
 Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
 And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.

He said no more. And now renewing day
 Had chas'd the shadows of the night away.
 He charg'd the soldiers with preventing care,
 Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare; [war
 Warn'd of th'ensuing fight, and bade them hope the

Now from his lofty poop, he view'd below
 His camp incompass'd, and th'inclosing foe.
 His blazing shield embrac'd, he held on high;
 The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
 Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they throw
 Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
 Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise
 Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd;
 Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd:
 The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er;
 And the swift ships descending on the shore.
 The Latians saw from far, with dazzl'd eyes,
 The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,

And dart diffusive fires around the field;
And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield.

Thus threat'ning comets, when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:

So sirius, flashing forth sinister lights, [frights.

Pale human-kind with plagues, and with dry famine

Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind is bent

To man the shores, and hinder their descent:

And thus awakes the courage of his friends.

What you so long have wish'd, kind fortune sends:

In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:

You find, and find him at advantage now.

Yours is the day, you need but only dare:

Your swords will make you masters of the war.

Your fires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,

And dearest wives, are all within your hands.

Be mindful of the race from whence you came;

And emulate in arms your fathers fame.

Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand

With feet unfirm; and prepossess the strand:

Fortune befriends the bold. Nor more he said,

But ballanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:

Then these elects, the landing to prevent;

And those he leaves to keep the city pent.

Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore:

Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.

With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,

Where the tide languishes, and leap a land.

Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,

And where no ford he finds, no water fries,

Nor billows with unequal murmurs roar;
 But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore;
 That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command.
 Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
 Force on the vessel that her keel may wound
 This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
 Let me securely land, I ask no more,
 Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore.

This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends,
 They tug at ev'ry oar; and ev'ry stretcher bends:
 They run their ships aground, the vessels knock,
 (Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.
 Tarchon's alone was lost, that stranded stood,
 Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.
 She breaks her back, the loosen'd sides give way,
 And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.
 Their broken oars, and floating planks withstand
 Their passage, while they labour to the land;
 And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
 Advancing to the margin of the sea.
 The trumpets sound: Aeneas first assail'd
 The clowns new rais'd and raw; and soon prevail'd.
 Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight:
 Great Theron large of limbs, of giant height.
 He first in open field defy'd the prince,
 But armour scal'd with gold was no defence
 Against the fated sword, which open'd wide
 His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.

Next, Lycas fell; who, not like others born,
 Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn:

Sacred, O Phoebus! from his birth to thee,
For his beginning life from biting steel was free.
Not far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monst'rous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong:
Vain bulk and strength; for when the chief assail'd,
Nor valour, nor Herculean arms avail'd;
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death,
Æneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling breath.
Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom,
And fought with lust obscene polluted joys:
The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his sev'n bold brethren stop'd the course
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Sev'n darts were thrown at once, and some rebound
From his bright shield, some on his helmet found:
The rest had reach'd him, but his mother's care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd Achates, to supply
The spears, that knew the way to victory.
Those fatal weapons, which inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
Against our foes, on this contended plain.
He said: then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, thro' Macon's buckler flew:
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.

Alcanor saw ; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
 His helping hand, his brother to sustain.
 A second spear, which kept the former course,
 From the same hand, and sent with equal force,
 His right arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft
 His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.
 Then Numitor, from his dead brother drew
 Th' ill omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw :
 Preventing fate directs the lance awry,
 Which glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.

In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,
 And from afar, at Driops took his aim.
 The spear flew hissing thro' the middle space,
 And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face :
 It stop'd at once the passage of his wind,
 And the free soul to flitting air resign'd ;
 His forehead was the first that struck the ground ;
 Life-blood, and life rush'd mingl'd thro' the wound.
 He flew three brothers of the Borean race,
 And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,
 Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace.
 Halesus next, the bold Aurunci leads ;
 The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,
 Conspicuous on his horse : on either hand
 These fight to keep, and those to win the land.
 With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is dy'd,
 While on its borders each their claim decide.

As wint'ry winds contending on the sky,
 With equal force of lungs their titles try,
 They rage, they roar ; the doubtful rack of heav'n
 Stands without motion, and the tide undriv'n :

Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield;
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can :
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But in another part, th' Arcadian horse,
With ill success engage the Latian force.
For where th' impetuous torrent rushing down,
Huge craggy stones, and rooted trees had thrown :
They left their coursers, and unus'd to fight
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
Pallas, who with disdain and grief, had view'd
His foes pursuing, and his friends pursu'd ;
Us'd threatnings mix'd with pray'rs; his last resource;
With these to move their minds, with those to fire their
force.

Which way, companions! whither wou'd you run?
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won;
By my great sire, by his establish'd name,
And early promise of my future fame;
By my youth emulous of equal right,
To share his honours, shun ignoble flight.
Trust not your feet, your hands must hew your way
Thro' yon black body, and that thick array :
'Tis thro' that forward path that we must come :
There lies our way, and that our passage home.
Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below,
Oppress our arms; with equal strength we go;
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we stand : a scanty shore;
The sea behind, our enemies before :

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No passage left, unless we swim the main;
 Or forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain.
 This said, he strode with eager haste along,
 And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.
 Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
 Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight to throw:
 Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
 Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin:
 It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,
 That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.

Hisbon came on, but while he mov'd too slow
 To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow:
 For warding his at once, at once he press'd;
 And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.
 Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
 Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with impious lust.
 And after him the Daucian twins were slain,
 Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
 So wond'rous like in feature, shape, and size,
 As caus'd an error in their parents eyes.
 Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
 The nice distinction, and their fate divides.
 For Thimbrus' head was lop'd: and Laris' hand
 Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:
 The trembling fingers yet the fauchion strain,
 And threaten still th'intended stroke in vain.

Now to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came:
 Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
 And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.
 Then, with a casual blow, was Rhaetus slain,
 Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain:

The flying spear was after Ilus sent,
But Rhaetus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras, and from Tyres while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead:
Rowl'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.

As, when in summer, welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neigh'ring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
The Pastor pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite;
And pouring on their foes, their prince delight.

Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood,
(But first collected in his arms he stood)
Advancing then, he ply'd the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodocus, and Pheres fell:
Around his head he toss'd his glitt'ring brand,
And from Strimonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It struck beneath the space of either eye,
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' fire,
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire destiny laid hold upon the son,

And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.

Pallas th' encounter seeks, but ere he throws,
To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:
O sacred stream direct my flying dart;
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart:
His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear:
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his pray'r.
For while his shield protects a friend distress'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast.

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;
But by his own example cheers the fight.
Fierce Abas first he slew, Abas, the stay
Of Trojan hopes, and hind'rance of the day.
The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain,
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.

To the rude shock of war both armies came,
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same.
The rear so press'd the front, they cou'd not wield
Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there,
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by fate forbid to breath their native air.
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Mean time Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.
With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd,
And making to his friends, thus calls aloud:

Let none presume his needless aid to join ;
 Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine :
 To this right hand is Pallas only due :
 Oh-were his father here my just revenge to view !
 From the forbidden space his men retir'd ;
 Pallas, their awe, and his stern words admir'd :
 Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,
 Struck with his haughty mien, and tow'ring height.
 Then to the king ; your empty vaunts forbear :
 Success I hope, and fate I cannot fear.
 Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name :
 Jove is impartial, and to both the same.
 He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace ;
 Pale horror sat on each Arcadian face.
 Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
 Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
 And, as a lion, when he spies from far
 A bull, that seems to meditate the war ;
 Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand,
 Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand :
 Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
 To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
 Within due distance of his flying lance ;
 Prepares to charge him first : resolv'd to try
 If fortune wou'd his want of force supply.
 And thus to heav'n and Hercules address'd.
 Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest,
 His son adjures you by those holy rites,
 That hospitable board, those genial nights ;

Assist my my great attempt to gain this prize,
 And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
 His ravish'd spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain request;
 Alcides mourn'd: and stifled sighs within his breast.
 Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began:
 Short bounds of life are set to mortal man,
 'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.
 So many sons of gods in bloody fight,
 Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:
 My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
 Nor I, his mighty sire, cou'd ward the blow.
 Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath;
 And stands already on the verge of death.
 This said, the god permits the fatal fight,
 But from the Latian fields averts his sight.

Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw;
 And having thrown, his shining fauchion drew:
 The steel just graz'd along the shoulder-joint,
 And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.
 Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
 And poiz'd his pointed spear before he threw:
 Then, as the winged weapon whiz'd along;
 See now, said he, whose arm is better strung.
 The spear, kept on the fatal course, unstay'd
 By plates of ir'n, which o'er the shield were laid:
 Thro' folded brass, and tough bull-hides it pass'd,
 His corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.
 In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
 The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:
 He falls; his arms upon his body found;
 And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corps: Arcadians hear,

Said he; my message to your master bear:

Such as the sire deserv'd, the son I send:

It costs him dear to be the Phrygians friend.

The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow

Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below.

He said, and trampled down with all the force

Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse:

Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid;

The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made,

Where fifty fatal brides express'd to sight,

All in the compass of one mournful night,

Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore

Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.

O mortals! blind in fate, who never know

To bear high fortune, or endure the low!

The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,

Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain:

Shall wish the fatal belt were far away;

And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad Arcadians from th' unhappy field,

Bear back the breathless body on a shield.

O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd

With praises to thy sire, at once deplor'd.

One day first sent thee to the fighting field,

Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;

One day beheld thee dead, and born upon thy shield.

This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,

But sad spectators, to the hero came:

His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
 Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.
 He whirls his sword around, without delay,
 And hews through adverse foes an ample way;
 To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud:
 Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
 To large deserts, are present to his eyes;
 His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.

Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
 He took in fight, and living victims led,
 To please the ghost of Pallas; and expire
 In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.
 At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below
 The flying spear, and shunn'd the promis'd blow.
 Then creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
 By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,
 O spare my life, and send me back to see
 My longing fire, and tender progeny.
 A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
 In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:
 All these, and sums besides, which see no day,
 The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
 If I survive, shall Troy the less prevail?
 A single soul's too light to turn the scale.
 He said. The hero sternly thus reply'd:
 Thy bars, and ingots, and the sums beside,
 Leave for thy childrens lot. Thy Turnus broke
 All rules of war, by one relentless stroke
 When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone,
 My father's shadow, but my living son.

Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
 He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left:
 Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreath'd,
 Up to the hilts his shining fauchion sheath'd.

Apollo's priest, Emonides, was near,
 His holy fillets on his front appear;
 Glitt'ring in arms he shone amidst the crowd;
 Much of his god, more of his purple proud:
 Him the fierce Trojan follow'd thro' the field;
 The holy coward fell: and forc'd to yield,
 The prince stood o'er the priest; and, at one blow,
 Sent him an offering to the shades below.
 His arms Seresthus on his shoulders bears,
 Design'd a trophy to the god of wars.

Vulcanian Sacculus renews the fight;
 And Umbro born upon the mountain's height.
 The champion cheers his troops t' encounter those:
 And seeks revenge himself on other foes.
 At Anxur's shield he drove, and at the blow,
 Both shield and arm to ground together go.
 Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
 And thought he wore impetrable arms;
 So made by mutter'd spells: and from the spheres,
 Had life secur'd, in vain, for length of years.
 Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
 A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.
 Exulting in bright arms he braves the prince;
 With his protended lance he makes defence,
 Bears back his feeble foe; then pressing on,
 Arrests his better hand, and drags him down.

Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lay,
 Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray
 Mows off his head, the trunk a moment stood,
 Then sunk, and rowl'd along the sand in blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain;
 Lye there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
 Lye there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
 Far from thy mother, and thy native home:
 Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey;
 Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.

On Lycas and Antaeus next he ran,
 Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
 They fled for fear; with these he chas'd along,
 Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong,
 Both great in arms, and both were fair, and young:
 Camers, was son to Volscens lately slain;
 In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
 And in Amycla fix'd his silent, easy reign.

And as Ægeon, when with heav'n he strove,
 Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
 Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
 Defy'd the forky lightning from afar:
 At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
 And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires:
 In his right hand as many swords he wields,
 And takes the thunder on as many shields:
 With strength like his the Trojan hero stood,
 And soon the fields with falling corps were strow'd,
 When once his fauchion found the taste of blood.

With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
 Against Niphaeus, whom four coursers drew.

They, when they see the fiery chief advance,
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance;
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
They threw their master headlong from the chair:
They stare, they start, nor stop'd their course before
They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Now Lucagus, and Liger scour the plains,
With two white steeds, but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains.
Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
His flaming sword; Aeneas couch'd his spear;
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
Then Liger thus Thy confidence is vain
To scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
Nor Venus's veil is here, nor Neptune's shield:
Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
Return'd his answer with his flying spear,
As Lucagus to lash his horses bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends:
Prepar'd for fight, the fatal dart arrives,
And thro' the borders of his buckler drives.
Pass'd through and pierc'd his groin, the deadly wound,
Cast from his chariot, rowl'd him on the ground.
Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spite:
Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight;
Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat:
But you yourself forsake your empty seat,

He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein,
 (For Liger lay already on the plain,
 By the same shock) then, stretching out his hands,
 The recreant thus his wretched life demands.
 Now by thyself, O more than mortal man!
 By her and him from whom thy breath began,
 Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee spare
 This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r.
 Thus much he spoke, and more he would have said,
 But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
 And cut him short. I hear another man,
 You talk'd not thus before the fight began;
 Now take your turn: and, as a brother shou'd,
 Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:
 Then thro' his breast his fatal sword he sent,
 And the soul issu'd at the gaping vent.
 As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,
 Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around:
 At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,
 Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.
 Meantime the king of gods and mortal man,
 Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
 My sister-goddess, and well-pleasing wife,
 Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife;
 Sustains her Trojans: or themselves alone,
 With inborn valour force their fortune on?
 How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd;
 Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.
 To whom the goddess, with the charming eyes,
 Soft in her tone submissively replies.

Why, O my sov'reign lord, whose frown I fear,
 And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear;
 Why urge you thus my grief? when if I still,
 (As once I was) were mistress of your will,
 From your almighty pow'r, your pleasing wife
 Might gain the grace of length'ning Turnus' life:
 Securely snatch him from the fatal fight,
 And give him to his aged father's fight.
 Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
 And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
 Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
 And in the fourth degree, from god Pilumnus came:
 Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
 And offers daily incense at your shrine.

Then shortly thus the sov'reign god reply'd;
 Since in my pow'r and goodness you confide;
 If for a little space, a lengthen'd span,
 You beg reprove for this expiring man:
 I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,
 From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
 But if some secret meaning lies beneath,
 To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death:
 Or if a farther thought you entertain,
 To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.

To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes,
 And what if that request your tongue denies,
 Your heart should grant; and not a short reprieve,
 But length of certain life to Turnus give.
 Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
 If my presaging soul divines with truth,

Which, O! I wish might err thro' causeless fears,
And you, (for you have pow'r) prolong his years.

Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,
And drives a storm before her thro' the skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain:
Of air condens'd, a spectre soon she made,
And what Aeneas was, such seem'd the shade.
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft, a plummy crest he wore:
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
And that sustain'd an imitated shield:
With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground;
Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting sound.
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night)
The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare,
And flourishes his empty sword in air:
At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his spear;
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas'd a cloud;)
Why thus forsake your bride? Receive from me
The fated land you sought so long by sea.
He said, and brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursu'd the flying shade.
By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
Which from old Clusium king Osinius bore:

The plank was ready laid for safe ascent ;
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent :
And skipped and sculk'd, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,
Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd :
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
The haulsers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.
With wind in poop, the vessel plows the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Meantime Aeneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.

The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud,
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
Then thankless for a life redeem'd by shame ;
With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame :
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,
His hands, and haggard eyes to heav'n he cast.
O Jove! he cry'd, for what offence have I
Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy :
Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I born,
How, and with what reproach shall I return ?
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum's lofty tow'rs again ?
What will they say of their deserting chief ?
The war was mine, I fly from their relief :
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave ;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here over-match'd in fight, in heaps they ly,
There scatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly.

Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,
 Or, oh ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve;
 On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive:
 Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
 Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more:
 Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious fame,
 Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim.!

Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates resolv'd,
 The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
 And now the sword, and now the sea took place:
 That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.
 Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
 By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain:
 Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood;
 But Juno mov'd with pity both withstood:
 And thrice repress'd his rage, strong gales supply'd,
 And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
 At length she lands him on his native shores,
 And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,
 Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warm'd
 His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,
 Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
 Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire,
 Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire
 Of wish'd revenge, on him, on him alone,
 All hands employ'd and all their darts are thrown.
 He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
 To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd;
 From his proud summit looking down, disdain
 Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus; and Palmus as he fled:
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung,
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound,
Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
His crest and armour from his body torn,
Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn.
Evas, and Mymas, both of Troy, he slew,
Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew:
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his sire.
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,
Unthinking Mymas on the Latian plain.

And as a savage boar on mountains bred,
With forest mast, and fatning marshes fed;
When once he sees himself in toils enclos'd,
By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd:
He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war:
Th'invaders dart their jav'lines from afar;
All keep aloof, and safely shoot around,
But none presumes to give a nearer wound.
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
And shakes a grove of lances from his side:
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd,
And just revenge, against the tyrant fir'd;
Their darts with clamour at a distance drive:
And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Coritus, came Acron to the fight,
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummated night.

Mezentius sees him thro' the squadrons ride,
 Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
 Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
 A gamefome goat, who frisks about the folds;
 Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain :
 He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane;
 He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
 The prey lyes panting underneath his paws :
 He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
 With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore:
 So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,
 And first unhappy Acron overthrows :
 Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground,
 The lance besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.
 Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd
 Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursu'd :
 Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
 But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.
 Then turning short, he met him face to face,
 To give his victory the better grace.
 Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd :
 Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
 And rested lance : and thus aloud he cries,
 Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.
 The fields around with Io Pæan ring,
 And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.
 At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
 Thus faintly spoke, and prophes'd in death :
 Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain;
 Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.

Then, sourly smiling, thus the king reply'd,
 For what belongs to me let Jove provide :
 But die thou first, whatever chance ensue :
 He said, and from the wound the weapon drew :
 A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight,
 And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Caedicus, Alcathous was slain,
 Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain :
 Orles the strong to greater strength must yield ;
 He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
 Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
 Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
 But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
 Who threw his master as he made a bound,
 The chief alighting, stuck him to the ground.
 Then Clonius hand to hand, on foot assails,
 The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.

Agis the Lycian stepping forth with pride,
 To single fight the boldest foe defy'd ;
 Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,
 And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.
 Salius to death the great Antronus sent,
 But the same fate the victor underwent :
 Slain by Nealces' hand, well-skill'd to throw
 The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance ;
 By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance :
 Victors, and vanquish'd, in the various field,
 Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
 The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife,
 And mourn the miseries of human life.

Above the rest two goddesses appear
 Concern'd for each : here Venus, Juno there :
 Amidst the crowd infernal Ate shakes
 Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.

Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,
 Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain :
 Where tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,
 Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood :
 When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
 His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.
 Or like a mountain ash, whose roots are spread,
 Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
 And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.
 Collected in his strength, and like a rock,
 Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
 He stood, and measuring first with careful eyes,
 The space his spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries :
 My strong right hand, and sword assist my stroke ;
 (Those only gods Mezentius will invoke)
 His armour from the Trojan pirate torn,
 By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn.
 He said, and with his utmost force he threw
 The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
 Reach'd the celestial shield that stopp'd the course ;
 But glancing thence, the yet unbroken force
 Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
 The side and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
 Anthores had from Argos travell'd far,
 Alcides' friend, and brother of the war :

'Till tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
 And in Evander's palace sought repose:
 Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
 He casts to heav'n, on Argos thinks and dies.

The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent,
 The shield gave way: thro' treble plates it went
 Of solid brass, of linen trebly rowl'd,
 And three bull-hides which round the buckler rowl'd.
 All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,
 Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
 The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood;
 The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
 His fauchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
 And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief,
 He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.
 And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must
 To thy immortal memory be just;
 And sing an act so noble and so new,
 Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
 Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
 The father sought to save himself by flight:
 Incumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
 Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
 The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
 The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe;
 Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
 Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the field,
 To see the son the vanquish'd father shield:
 All fir'd with gen'rous indignation strive;
 And with a storm of darts, to distance drive.

The Trojan chief; who held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb sustained the war.

As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The plowman, passenger, and lab'ring hind,
For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly;
Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lye:
But that o'erblown, when heaven above 'em smiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils:
Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on every side,
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide; [cry'd.
And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat'ning }
Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age:
Betray'd by pious love? nor thus forborn
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
Provokes the ling'ring prince: whose patience tir'd,
Gave place, and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the fates prepar'd their sharpen'd speers;
And lifted high the flaming sword appears:
Which full descending, with a frightful sway, }
Thro' shield and corset forc'd th' impetuous way,
And bury'd deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams thro' the thin armour strove,
And drench'd th' imbroider'd coat his mother wove:
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loath from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood, and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought.

Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,
 Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
 To love so great, to such transcendent store
 Of early worth, and sure presage of more?

Accept whate'er Æneas can afford,
 Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword:
 And all that pleas'd thee living still remain
 Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain.

Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
 To rest thy soul, at least if shadows know,
 Or have a sense of human things below.

There to thy fellow ghosts with glory tell,
 'Twas by the great Aeneas' hand I fell.

With this his distant friends he beckons near,
 Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
 Himself assists to lift him from the ground, [wound.
 With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the

Meantime his father, now no father, stood,
 And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
 Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
 His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.

A bough his brazen helmet did sustain,
 His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain.

A chosen train of youth around him stand,
 His drooping head was rested on his hand:

His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought,
 And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.

Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
 He much enquir'd, and many a message sent

To warn him from the field: alas! in vain,
 Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:

O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.

Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event, with a foreboding mind.
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head,
Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he spread;
Last, the dear corps embracing, thus he said.
What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life a ransom for preserving mine?
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
How much too dear has that redemption cost!
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing virtue did defame;
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild;
I ow'd my people these, and from their hate,
With less resentment could have born my fate.
And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight
Of hated men, and of more hated light:
But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting limbs, that stagger'd with his wound.
Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unappal'd
With pains or perils, for his courser call'd:
Well mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himself did dress,
With daily care, and mounted with success;
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.

Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
 The steed seem'd sensible while thus he spoke.
 O Rhoebus, we have liv'd too long for me,
 (If life and long were terms that could agree)
 This day thou either shalt bring back the head,
 And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead :
 This day thou either shalt revenge my woe
 For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe ;
 Or if inexorable fate deny
 Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die :
 For after such a lord, I rest secure,
 Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load endure.
 He said : and straight th' officious courser kneels
 To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills
 With pointed jav'lins : on his head he lac'd
 His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was grac'd
 With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar ;
 Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amidst the war.
 Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,
 Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
 Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd,
 Rowl'd on his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.
 Then loud he call'd Aeneas thrice by name,
 The loud repeated voice to glad Aeneas came.
 Great Jove, he said, and the far-shooting god,
 Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good.
 He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear,
 And threaten'd with his long-protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus. Thy vaunts are vain,
 My Lausus lies extended on the plain :

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIDS.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead; and sends borne the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances; in the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is kill'd, and the Latin troops are entirely defeated.

SCARCE had the rosy morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed;
The pious chief, whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd soldiers, and his friend:
Yet first to heav'n perform'd a victor's vows;
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd,
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph born,

Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
 A trophy sacred to the god of war,
 Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
 Appear'd his plummy crest, besmear'd with blood;
 His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
 Trunchions of shiver'd lances hung between:
 And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;
 And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.
 A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man:
 Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began.
 Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success:
 The greater part perform'd, atchieve the less.
 Now follow chearful to the trembling town;
 Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
 Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies,
 As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
 Turnus shall fall extended on the plain;
 And in this omen is already slain.
 Prepar'd in arms pursue your happy chance;
 That none unwarn'd may plead his ignorance:
 And I, at heav'n's appointed hour, may find
 Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
 Meantime the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,
 Due to your dead companions of the war:
 The last respect the living can bestow,
 To shield their shadows from contempt below.
 That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they fought;
 And which for us with their own blood they bought,
 But first the corps of our unhappy friend,
 To the sad city of Evander send:

Who not inglorious in his age's bloom
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay:
Acaetes watch'd the corps; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:
Th' attendants of the slain, his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevell'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But when Aeneas view'd the grisly wound
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began.

Unhappy youth! when fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!
She came; but brought not thee along; to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return the triumphs due
To prosp'rous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd and bold:

And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
 Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
 While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
 To send him back his portion of the war;
 A bloody breathless body, which can owe
 No farther debt, but to the pow'rs below.
 The wretched father, e'er his race is run,
 Shall view the fun'ral honours of his son.
 These are my triumphs of the Latian war;
 Fruits of my plighted faith, and boasted care.
 And yet, unhappy fire, thou shalt not see
 A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry:
 Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
 Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
 He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late,
 Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate:
 But what a champion has th'Ausonian coast,
 And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
 To raise the breathless body from the ground;
 And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all
 His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:
 To bear him back, and share Evander's grief;
 (A well-becoming, but a weak relief)
 Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier;
 Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.
 The body on this rural herse is born,
 Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
 All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,
 New cropt by virgin hands to dress the the bow'r;

Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
 No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.
 Then two fair vests, of wond'rous work and cost,
 Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
 For ornament the Trojan heroe brought,
 Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
 One vest array'd the corps, and one they spread
 O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrapp'd around his head:
 That when the yellow hair in flame should fall,
 The catching fire might burn the golden caul.
 Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,
 When he descended on the Latian plain:
 Arms, trappings, horses, by the herse are led
 In long array, (th'atchievments of the dead.)
 Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
 Th'unhappy captives, marching in the rear:
 Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
 To sprinkle with their blood, the fun'ral flame.
 Inferior trophies by the chiefs are born;
 Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn:
 And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read,
 Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.

Acaetes on his pupil's corps attends,
 With feeble steps; supported by his friends:
 Pausing at ev'ry pace; in sorrow drown'd,
 Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground;
 Where grov'ling, while he lies in deep despair,
 He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
 The champion's chariot next is seen to rowl,
 Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.

To close the pomp, Aethon, the steed of state,
 Is led, the fun'rals of his lord to wait.
 Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace
 He walks, and the big tears run rowling down his face.
 The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
 Are born behind; the victor seiz'd the rest.
 The march begins: the trumpets hoarsly sound,
 The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
 Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse,
 To Pallantæan tow'rs direct their course,
 In long procession rank'd; the pious chief
 Stop'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
 The public care, he said, which war attends
 Diverts our present woes, at least suspends:
 Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell;
 Hail holy relics, and a last farewell!
 He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
 Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand
 A truce, with olive branches in their hand,
 Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
 Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.
 They plead, that none those common rites deny
 To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
 All cause of hate was ended in their death;
 Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
 A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request:
 Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.

Their suit, which was too just to be deny'd,
 The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd:

O Latian princes, how severe a fate
 In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state!
 And arm'd against an unoffending man,
 Who sought your friendship e'er the war began!
 You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
 Not only for the slain, but those who live.
 I came not hither but by heav'n's command,
 And sent by fate to share the Latian land.
 Nor wage I wars unjust; your king deny'd
 My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride,
 Left me for Turnus; Turnus then should try
 His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
 My right and his are in dispute; the slain
 Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
 In equal arms let us alone contend;
 And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.
 This is the way, so tell him, to possess
 The royal virgin, and restore the peace.
 Bear this my message back; with ample leave
 That your slain friends may fun'ral rights receive.

Thus having said, th'embassadors amaz'd,
 Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
 Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast
 Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
 Broke silence first, and to the godlike man,
 With graceful action bowing, thus began.

Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
 But yet whose actions far transcend your fame;
 Would I your justice or your force express,
 Thought can but equal; and all words are less;

Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
 And favours granted to the Latian state:
 If wish'd success our labour shall attend,
 Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
 Let Turnus leave the realm to your command;
 And seek alliance in some other land:
 Build you the city which your fates assign;
 We shall be proud in the great work to join.

Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade
 The rest impow'r'd, that soon a truce is made.
 Twelve days the term allow'd: and during those,
 Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
 Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare,
 To fell the timber, and forget the war.
 Loud axes thro' the groaning groves resound:
 Oak, mountain ash, and poplar, spread the ground:
 Firs fall from high: and some the trunks receive,
 In loaden wains, with wedges some they cleave.
 And now the fatal news, by fame is blown
 Through the short circuit of th'Arcadian town,
 Of Pallas slain: by fame, which just before
 His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
 Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
 Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand:
 Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:
 The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
 That cast a sullen splendor on their friends,
 (The marching troop which their dead prince attends.)
 Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry:
 The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply;
 And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky.

The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears;
Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears:
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng:
Falls on the corps, and groaning there he lies,
With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes:
Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow breaks
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.

O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword:
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of unauspicious war,
Vain vows to heav'n, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,
Whose holy soul the stroke of fortune fled:
Precious of ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone;
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.
If, for my league against th' Ausonian state,
Amidst their weapons I had found my fate,
(Deserv'd from them,) then I had been return'd
A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.
Yet will I not my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.

'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell so young,
 But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
 Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
 At least he led the way to victory:
 First to his friends he won the fatal shore,
 And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before:
 A death too great, too glorious to deplore,
 Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
 Content with those the Trojan hero gave.
 That fun'ral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd;
 In which the Tuscan chiefs, and army join'd:
 Great spoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they bear:
 Then let thy own achievements be thy share.
 Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood,
 Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,
 If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
 Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.
 But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain
 These troops, to view the tears thou shedst in vain!
 Go, friends, this message to your lord relate;
 Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,
 And after Pallas' death, live ling'ring on,
 'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
 I stay for Turnus; whose devoted head
 Is owing to the living and the dead:
 My son and I expect it from his hand;
 'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
 Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
 To greet my Pallas with such news below.

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night;
 Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light:

The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command
 To raise the piles, along the winding strand:
 Their friends convey the dead to fun'ral fires;
 Black smould'ring smoke from the green wood expires;
 The light of heav'n is choak'd, and the new day retires.
 Then thrice around the kindled piles they go:
 (For ancient custom had ordain'd it so)
 Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led,
 And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
 Tears trickling down their breast bedew the ground;
 And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
 Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
 The spoils, in battle taken from the foe:
 Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of shining steel,
 One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
 Some to their fellows their own arms restore;
 The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore:
 Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,
 And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain.
 Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
 And bristled boars, and wooly sheep expire.
 Around the piles a careful troop attends,
 To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning
 friends,
 Ling'ring along the shore, 'till dewy night,
 New decks the face of heaven with starry light.

The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
 Piles without number for their dead prepare;
 Part, in the places where they fell, are laid;
 And part are to the neighb'ring fields convey'd.
 'The corps of kings, and captains of renown,
 Born off in state, are bury'd in the town:

The rest, unhonour'd, and without a name,
 Are cast a common heap to feed the flame.
 Trojans and Latians vye with like desires:
 To make the field of battle shine with fires:
 And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n aspires.

Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
 And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night;
 When those who round the wasted fires remain,
 Perform the last sad office to the slain:
 They rake the yet warm ashes, from below;
 These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow:
 These relicks with their country rites they grace;
 And raise a mount of turf to mark the place.

But in the palace of the king, appears
 A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
 Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans:
 Orphans their fires, and fires lament their sons.
 All in that universal sorrow share,
 And curse the cause of this unhappy war.
 A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,
 A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
 These are the crimes, with which they load the name
 Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim.
 Let him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,
 Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
 His is the gain, our lot is but to serve:
 'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he shou'd deserve.
 This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spite,
 His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
 Nor Turnus wants a party to support
 His cause and credit, in the Latian court.

His former acts secure his present fame ;
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with fury burn ;
The legates from th' Ætolian prince return :
Sad news they bring, that after all the cost,
And care employ'd their embassy is lost :
That Diomede refus'd his aid in war ;
Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.
Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought ;
Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late,
A foreign son is pointed out by fate :
And till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of heav'n is hov'ring o'er his head.
The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
When late their titles in the field were try'd :
Witness the fresh laments, and fun'ral tears undry'd.

Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all
The Latian senate to the council-hall :
The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in pow'r, and rev'renc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midst appears :
Majestically sad, he sits in state,
And bids his envoys their success relate.

When Venulus began, the murmuring sound
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.
We have, said he, perform'd your high command ;
And pass'd with peril a long tract of land :
We reach'd the place desir'd, with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents, and rising tow'rs beheld.

Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls
 The city, which Argyripa he calls;
 From his own Argos nam'd : we touch'd, with joy,
 The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
 When introduc'd, our presents first we bring,
 Then crave an instant audience from the king:
 His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name;
 And tell th' important cause for which we came.
 Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
 Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
 Made this return. Ausonian race of old
 Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
 What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,
 To change for war hereditary rest?
 Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword,
 (A needless ill your ancestors abhorr'd)
 We; (for myself I speak, and all the name
 Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came;)
 Omitting those who were in battle slain,
 Or born by rowling Simois to the main:
 Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
 The prize of honour which in arms he fought.
 Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n,
 Out casts, abandon'd by the care of heav'n:
 So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew,
 As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
 Witness the vessels by Minerva tofs'd
 In storms, the vengeful Capharaean coast;
 Th' Euboean rocks! the prince, whose brother led
 Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,

In Egypt lost; Ulysses, with his men,
 Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops den:
 Why shou'd I name Idomeneus, in vain
 Restor'd to scepters, and expell'd again?
 Or young Achilles by his rival slain?
 Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name
 Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,
 The proud revenger of another's wife,
 Yet by his own adult'rets lost his life:
 Fell at his threshold, and the spoils of Troy,
 The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
 The gods have envy'd me the sweets of life,
 My much lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:
 Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky
 Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly:
 Hov'ring about the coasts they make their moan;
 And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
 What squalid spectres, in the dead of night,
 Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!
 I might have promis'd to myself those harms,
 Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
 Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move;
 And violate with wounds the queen of love.
 Such arms, this hand shall never more employ;
 No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
 I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
 To think of past events, or good or bad.
 Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
 To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
 We met in fight, I know him to my cost;
 With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd:

Heav'n's what a spring was in his arm, to throw:
 How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow!
 Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might,
 They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:
 Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd:
 Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.
 The long defence the Trojan people made,
 The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
 Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand;
 Both brave alike, and equal in command;
 Aeneas not inferior in the field,
 In pious reverence to the gods, excell'd.
 Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
 Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.
 He said no more; but with this cold excuse,
 Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce.

Thus Venulus concluded his report.
 A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
 As when a torrent roars with rapid force,
 And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course;
 The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
 Roars horrible along th' uneasy race:
 White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around:
 The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.
 The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
 The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun.
 I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate
 Had been resolv'd before it was too late:
 Much better had it been for you and me,
 Enforc'd by this our last necessity,

To have been earlier wise; than now to call
 A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
 O citizens! we wage unequal war,
 With men, not only heav'n's peculiar care,
 But heav'n's own race: unconquer'd in the field,
 Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
 What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
 Our hopes must center on ourselves alone.
 Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
 You see too well; nor need my words explain.
 Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by fate,
 Factions within, a foe without the gate;
 Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
 With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
 With our united strength the war we wag'd;
 With equal numbers, equal arms engag'd:
 You see th'event—Now hear what I propose,
 To save our friends, and satisfy our foes:
 A tract of land the Latins have possess'd
 Along the Tyber, stretching to the west,
 Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till:
 And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill;
 Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
 If you consent, the Trojan shall command.
 Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
 On terms agreed, the common country share.
 There let 'em build, and settle if they please;
 Unless they chuse once more to cross the seas,
 In search of seats remote from Italy;
 And from unwelcome inmates set us free.

Then twice ten gallies let us build with speed,
 Or twice as many more, if more they need;
 Materials are at hand: a well-grown wood
 Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
 Let them the number, and the form assign;
 The care and cost of all the stores be mine.

To treat the peace, a hundred senators
 Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs;
 With olive crown'd: the presents they shall bear,
 A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair;
 And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs wear;
 And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
 This great affair, and save the sinking state.

Then Drances took the word; who grudg'd, long since,
 The rising glories of the Daunian prince.
 Factious and rich, bold at the council board,
 But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword;
 A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
 Noble his mother was, and near the throne,
 But what his father's parentage, unknown.
 He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
 To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.

Such truths, O king, said he, your words contain,
 As strike the the sense, and all replies are vain.
 Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
 What common needs require; but fear to speak.
 Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
 Whose pride this un auspicious war began:
 For whose ambition (let me dare to say,
 Fear set apart, though death is in my way)

The plains of Latium run with blood around;
 So many valiant heroes bite the ground:
 Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;
 A town in mourning, and a land in tears.
 While he th' undoubted author of our harms,
 The man who menaces the gods with arms,
 Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
 And sought his safety in ignoble flight.

Now, best of kings, since you propose to send
 Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;
 Add yet a greater at our joint request,
 One which he values more than all the rest;
 Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
 With that alliance let the league be ty'd:
 And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.
 Let insolence no longer awe the throne,
 But with a father's right bestow your own.
 For this maligner of the general good,
 If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd:
 His haughty godhead we with pray'rs implore,
 Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.
 O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
 Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight for thee!
 What right hast thou to rule the Latian state,
 And send us out to meet our certain fate?
 'Tis a destructive war; from Turnus' hand
 Our peace and public safety we demand.
 Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
 If not, the peace without the pledge is vain.
 Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,
 Nor will I much with your belief contend:

I beg your greatness not to give the law
 In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
 Pity your own, or pity our estate;
 Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
 Your interest is the war should never cease;
 But we have felt enough, to wish the peace:
 A land exhausted to the last remains,
 Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
 Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,
 A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,
 So fire your mind, in arms assert your right;
 And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
 Mankind, it seems, was made for you alone;
 We, but the slaves who mouut you to the throne:
 A base ignoble crowd, without a name,
 Unwept, unworthy of the fun'ral flame:
 By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
 That Turnus may possess a royal wife.
 Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
 Should share such triumphs; and detain from you
 The post of honour, your undoubted due:
 Rather alone your matchless force employ;
 To merit, what alone you must enjoy.

These words, so full of malice, mix'd with art,
 Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
 Then groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd.
 You, Drances, never want a stream of words,
 Then, when the public need requires our swords,
 First in the council-hall to steer the state;
 And ever foremost in a tongue debate.

While our strong walls secure us from the foe,
 E'er yet with blood our ditches overflow:
 But let the potent orator declaim,
 And with the brand of coward blot my name;
 Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand
 Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine strand;
 And high as mine his tow'ring trophies stand.
 If any doubt remains who dares the most,
 Let us decide it at the Trojans cost:
 And issue both abreast, where honour calls;
 Foes are not far to seek without the walls.
 Unless his noisy tongue can only fight;
 And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.
 I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?
 Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
 Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
 Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies:
 What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
 And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.
 All saw, but he, th'Arcadian troops retire,
 In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
 The giant brothers, in their camp have found,
 I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
 Not such the Trojans try'd me, when inclos'd,
 I singly their united arms oppos'd:
 First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array;
 Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
 'Tis a destructive war? so let it be,
 But to the Phrygian pirate, and to thee.
 Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears
 With false reports, their minds with panic fears:

Extol the strength of a twice conquer'd race,
 Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
 Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
 Triumphant stands, the Grecians are o'erthrown:
 Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles-lyes;
 And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies.
 Say rapid Ausidus with awful dread
 Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
 When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
 For that's as true as thy dissembl'd fears
 Of my revenge: dismiss that vanity,
 Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.
 Let that vile-soul in that vile body rest;
 The lodging is well worthy of the guest.

Now, royal father, to the present state
 Of our affairs, and of this high debate;
 If in your arms thus early you disside,
 And think your fortune is already try'd;
 If one defeat has brought us down so low;
 As never more in fields to meet the foe;
 Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
 And lye like vassals at the victor's feet.
 But oh, if any antient blood remains,
 One drop of all our father's in our veins;
 That man would I prefer before the rest,
 Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast;
 Who comely fell, by no dishonest wound,
 To shun that fight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
 But if we still have fresh recruits in store,
 If our confederates can afford us more;

If the contended field we bravely fought;
 And not a bloodless victory was bought:
 Their losses equall'd ours, and for their slain,
 With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;
 Why thus unforc'd shou'd we so timely yield;
 And ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field?
 Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
 Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
 Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
 Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
 If Diomede refuse his aid to lend,
 The great Messapus yet remains our friend:
 Tolumnius, who foretells events, is ours;
 Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their pow'rs:
 Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
 Your own brave subjects have your cause embrac'd.
 Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
 Contains an army in herself alone:
 And heads a squadron, terrible to fight,
 With glitt'ring shields, in brazen armour bright.
 Yet if the foe a single fight demand,
 And I alone the public peace withstand;
 If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
 Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
 This new Achilles, let him take the field,
 With fated armour, and Vulcanian shield;
 For you, my royal father, and my fame,
 I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,
 Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,
 And I alone will answer his demand.

Drances shall rest secure, and neither share
The danger, nor divide the prize of war.

While they debate; nor these nor those will yield;
Aeneas draws his forces to the field:
And moves his camp. The scouts, with flying speed
Return, and thro' the frightened city spread
Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are descry'd,
In battle marching by the river side;
And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
Some tremble, some are bold, all in confusion arm.
Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field;
They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield:
The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply:
A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky.
Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods;
Or birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow woods.
Turnus the occasion takes, and cries aloud,
Talk on, you quaint haranguers of the crowd:
Decaim in praise of peace, when danger calls;
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.
He said, and turning short, with speedy pace,
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.

Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command
To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.
Messapus, and Catillus, post your force
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.
Some guard the passes, others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call.

They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town;
And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown.

Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
 The gath'ring storm, just breaking on the state;
 Dismiss'd the council, 'till a fitter time,
 And own'd his easy temper as his crime :
 Who, forc'd against his reason, had comply'd
 To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.

Some help to sink new trenches, others aid
 To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.
 Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm : around the walls
 Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour calls.
 A sad procession in the streets is seen,
 Of matrons that attend the mother-queen :
 High in her chair she sits, and at her side,
 With downcast eyes appears the fatal bride.
 They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands ;
 Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands :
 With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine ;
 Then in this common supplication join.
 O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,
 Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid :
 Break short the pyrate's lance ; pronounce his fate,
 And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.
 Now Turnus arms for fight : his back and breast,
 Well temper'd steel, and scaly brass invest :
 The cuishes, which his brawny thighs infold,
 Are mingled mettle damask'd o'er with gold.
 His faithful fauchion sits upon his side ;
 Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide :
 But bare to view, amid surrounding friends,
 With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends.

Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains:
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds;
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant, in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulders flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians, with their virgin leader, wait
His last commands. Then with a graceful mien,
Lights from her lofty steed, the warrior queen:
Her squadron imitates, and each descends;
Whose common sute Camilla thus commends.

If sense of honour, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure,
Can promise ought; or on itself rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer or to die:
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown;
You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town.

Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:
Then thus return'd: O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply!

Not only words lye lab'ring in my breast;
 But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd.
 Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
 My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
 The Trojan, (not in stratagem unskill'd,)
 Sends his light horse before to scour the field:
 Himself, thro' steep ascents, and thorny brakes,
 A larger compass to the city takes.
 This news my scouts confirm: and I prepare
 To foil his cunning, and his force to dare.
 With chosen foot his passage to forelay;
 And place an ambush in the winding way.
 Thou, with thy Volsicians, face the Tuscan horse:
 The brave Messapus shall thy troops inforce;
 With those of Tibur; and the Latian band:
 Subjected all to thy supreme command.

This said, he warns Messapus to the war:
 Then ev'ry chief exhorts, with equal care.
 All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
 And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.

Inclos'd with hills, a winding valley lies,
 By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprize:
 A narrow track, by human steps untrod,
 Leads, thro' perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
 High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands; [mands.
 Whence the surveying sight the nether ground com-
 The top is level: an offensive seat
 Of war; and from the war a safe retreat.
 For, on the right, and left, is room to press
 The foes at hand, or from afar distress:

To drive them headlong downward ; and to pour
 On their descending backs, a stony show'r.
 Thither young Turnus took the well-known way ;
 Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

Meantime, Latonian Phoebe from the skies,
 Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
 And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
 Her most belov'd, and ever trusty maid.
 Then with a sigh began : Camilla goes
 To meet her death, amidst her fatal foes.
 The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train ;
 Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.
 Nor is my kindness for the virgin, new,
 'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew :
 Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
 From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway ;
 Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
 This tender babe, companion of his woes.
 Camilla was her mother ; but he drown'd
 One hissing letter in a softer sound,
 And call'd Camilla. Thro' the woods, he flies ;
 Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant lies.
 His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace ;
 With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.
 The banks of Amasene at length he gains ;
 The raging flood his farther flight restrains :
 Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.
 Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears :
 Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
 Anxious he stops a while ; and thinks in haste ;
 Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.

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A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
 The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er :
 He clos'd the child within the hollow space;
 With twigs of bending osier bound the case.
 Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight;
 And thus invoc'd my favour for the freight.
 Accept, great goddess of the woods, he said,
 Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid:
 Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine;
 And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.
 He said; and with full force the spear he threw:
 Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.
 Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide;
 And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side.
 His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground;
 And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
 Nor after that, in towns which walls inclose,
 Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes.
 But rough, in open air he chose to lie:
 Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was the sky.
 On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
 He shunn'd the dire society of men.
 A shepherd's solitary life he led:
 His daughter with the milk of mares he fed;
 The dugs of bears, and ev'ry salvage beast,
 He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor press'd.
 The little Amazon could scarcely go,
 He loads her with a quiver and a bow:
 And, that she might her stagg'ring steps command,
 He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand:

Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
 Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
 Instead of these a tiger's hide o'erspread
 Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head.
 The flying dart she first attempts to fling;
 And round her tender temples tofs'd the fling:
 Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
 To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan:
 And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane. }
 The Tuscan matrons with each other vy'd,
 To bless their rival sons with such a bride:
 But she disdains their love; to share with me
 The silvan shades, and vow'd virginity.
 And oh! I wish, contented with my cares
 Of salvage spoils, she had not sought the wars:
 Then had she been of my celestial train;
 And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
 But, since opposing heav'n's decree, she goes
 To find her death among forbidden foes;
 Haste with these arms, and take thy sleepy flight,
 Where, with the gods averse, the Latins fight:
 This bow to thee; this quiver, I bequeath,
 This chosen arrow to revenge her death:
 By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,
 Or of the Trojan, or Italian train, }
 Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
 Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid,
 To bear the breathless body of my maid:
 Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprophan'd }
 Her holy limbs with any human hand:
 And in a marble tomb laid in her native land. }

She said : the faithful nymph descends from high
 With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky ;
 Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly. }

By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,
 Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,
 Approach the walls ; the sprightly coursers bound ;
 Press forward on their bits, and shift their ground :
 Shields, arms, and spears, flash horribly from far ;
 And the fields glitter with a waving war.
 Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force,
 Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse ;
 These in the body plac'd ; on either hand |
 Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
 Advancing in a line, they couch their spears ;
 And less and less the middle space appears.
 Thick smoke obscures the field : and scarce are seen
 The neighing coursers, and the shouting men.
 In distance of their darts they stop their course ;
 Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.
 The face of heav'n their flying jav'lines hide ;
 And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.
 Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
 By mettled coursers born in full career,
 Meet first oppos'd : and, with a mighty shock,
 Their horses heads against each other knock.
 Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast ;
 As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast :
 He rowls along in blood, and breathes his last. }
 The Latian squadrons take a sudden fright ;
 And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in flight.

Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;
 Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue:
 And urge their flight. Afylas leads the chase;
 'Till seiz'd with shame they wheel about and face:
 Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry:
 The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.

So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,
 Driv'n on each others backs, insult the shore;
 Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land;
 And far upon the beach eject the sand.
 Then backward with a swing, they take their way;
 Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother sea:
 With equal hurry quit th'invaded shore;
 And swallow back the sand, and stones they spew'd before.
 Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,
 Twice by the Latins, in their turn repell'd.
 Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
 Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man:
 Now dying groans are heard, the fields are strow'd
 With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:
 Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:
 Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
 Orsilochns, who durst not press too near
 Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear;
 And stuck the steel beneath his horse's ear:
 The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,
 Curvets, and springing upward with a bound,
 His helpless lord cast backward on the ground.
 Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew
 His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw:
 The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew,

His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
 But shaded with a length of yellow hair :
 Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,
 A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart :
 Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound ;
 Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.

The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dy'd ;
 And death with honour, fought on either side.

Resistless thro' the war, Camilla rode ;
 In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
 One side was bare for her exerted breast ;
 One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.
 Now from afar her fatal jav'lines play ;
 Now with her axe's edge she hews her way :
 Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound ;
 And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground ;
 From her bent bow she sends a backward wound. }
 Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side
 Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride ;
 Italians all : in peace, their queen's delight :
 In war the bold companions of the fight.

So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
 When Thermodon with bloody billows rowl'd :
 Such troops as these in shining arms were seen ;
 When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.
 Such to the field Penthesilea led,
 From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled :
 With such, return'd triumphant from the war ;
 Her maids with cries attend the lofty car :
 They clash with manly force their moony shields ;
 With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid
 On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
 Thy spear, of mountain ash, Eumenius first,
 With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd :
 A purple stream came spouting from the wound ;
 Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
 Lyrus and Pagasus at once she slew ;
 The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew,
 Of his faint steed : the latter, as he stretch'd
 His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin reach'd.
 By the same weapon, sent from the same hand,
 Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
 Amastrus next is added to the slain :
 The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain.
 Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
 And Chromys, at full speed her fury shun.
 Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost ;
 Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
 Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter-steed,
 Swift for the chace, and of Apulian breed :
 Him, from afar, she spy'd in arms unknown ;
 O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown :
 His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread,
 A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
 He clench'd within his hand an iron prong ;
 And tow'rd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.
 Him soon she singled from the flying train,
 And slew with ease : then thus insults the slain.
 Vain hunter didst thou think thro' woods to chase
 The savage herd, a vile and trembling race :

Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory ;
 A woman-warrior was too strong for thee.
 Yet if the ghosts demand the conqu'ror's name,
 Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame.
 Then Butes, and Orsilochns, she slew :
 The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew.
 But Butes breast to breast : the spear descends
 Above the gorget, where his helmet ends ;
 And o'er the shield which his left side defends.
 Orsilochns and she, their coursers ply ;
 He seems to follow, and she seems to fly.
 But in a narrower ring she makes the race ;
 And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
 Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,
 She swings her ax, and rises to the blow :
 Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
 The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way :
 He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace ;
 Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.
 Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,
 To see his fall, nor farther dares advance :
 But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
 He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly.
 Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
 (At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)
 Cries out aloud, what courage have you shown,
 Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?
 Forego the vantage of your horse, alight,
 And then on equal terms begin the fight :
 It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
 When foot to foot, you combat with a man,

He said: she glows with anger and disdain,
 Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain;
 And leaves her horse at large among her train.
 With her drawn sword defies him to the field;
 And marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield:
 The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
 Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,
 Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
 The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
 Vain fool, and coward, cries the lofty maid,
 Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid!
 On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
 Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
 Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire,
 With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire.
 At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
 That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:
 Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
 And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.
 Not with more ease the falcon from above,
 Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove:
 Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound;
 The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the
 ground.

Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,
 With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight.
 He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain;
 And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.
 Betwixt the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,
 And these encourages, and those he chides:

Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;
 Renews their ardor, and restores the fight.
 What panic fear has seiz'd your souls, O shame,
 O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name;
 Cowards incurable, a woman's hand
 Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band!
 Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield:
 What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
 Not thus you fly your female foes, by night,
 Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite:
 When to fat off'rings the glad augur calls;
 And the shrill horn-pipe sounds to Bacchanals.
 These are your study'd cares; your lewd delight:
 Swift to debauch; but slow to manly fight.
 Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes;
 Not managing the life he meant to lose.
 The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,
 In his strong gripe; and clasp'd around the waist:
 'Twas Venulus; whom from his horse he tore,
 And (laid athwart his own,) in triumph bore.
 Loud shouts ensue: the Latins turn their eyes,
 And view th' unusual fight with vast surprise.
 The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
 Press'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sustains:
 Then, with his shortn'd spear, explores around
 His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
 Nor less the captive struggles for his life;
 He writhes his body to prolong the strife:
 And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
 His utmost vigour, and the point averts.

So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
 And bears a speckled serpent thro' the sky;
 Fast'ning his crooked tallons on the prey:
 The pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid way,
 Resists the royal hawk, and tho' oppress'd,
 She fights in volumes, and erects her crest:
 Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale; [tail.
 And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat'ning
 Against the victor all defence is weak;
 Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:
 He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores;
 Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.

Thus, thro' the midst of circling enemies,
 Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore away his prize:
 The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
 The Latins, and presume the like success.

Then, Aruns doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
 To murder, unesp'y'd, the Volscian maid,
 This way, and that his winding course he bends;
 And wheresoe'er she turns, her steps attends.
 When she retires victorious from the chace,
 He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
 When rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight,
 He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
 He threatens, and trembles, trying ev'ry way
 Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.

Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far,
 Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
 Was, by the Virgin view'd: the steed he press'd
 Was proud with trappings; and his brawny chest

With scales of gilded brags was cover'd o'er:
 A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
 With deadly wounds he gaul'd the distant foe;
 Gnosian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
 A golden helm his front, and head surrounds;
 A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.
 Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore:
 With flow'rs of needlework distinguish'd o'er:
 With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before. }
 Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes;
 Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize:
 Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
 Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold:
 Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,
 And seeks his life, regardless of her own.
 This lucky moment the sly traitor chose:
 Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
 And threw, but first to heav'n address'd his vows. }
 O patron of Soractes' high abodes,
 Phoebus the ruling pow'r among the gods;
 Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine
 Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
 By thee protect'd, with our naked soles, [coals.
 Thro' flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled
 Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away
 The stains of this dishonourable day:
 Nor spoils, nor triumph, form the fact I claim;
 But with my future actions trust my fame.
 Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome;
 And from the field, return inglorious home.

Apollo heard, and granting half his pray'r,
 Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
 He gives the death desir'd; his safe return,
 By southern tempests to the seas is born.
 Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd along the skies,
 Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
 Directed by the sound: of either host,
 Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd the most,
 Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
 On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:
 Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
 Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
 Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
 Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
 Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
 With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
 Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow;
 Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.

As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
 At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side:
 Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
 And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs:
 So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends;
 But spurring forward, herds among his friends.
 She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands;
 But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands:
 The wood she draws, the steely point remains,
 She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:
 A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes;
 And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.

Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
 She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.
 Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
 Inexorable death; and claims his right.
 Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
 And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
 Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
 Farewel; and in this kiss my parting breath receive.
 She said; and sliding, sunk upon the plain;
 Dying, her open'd hand forfakes the rein;
 Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
 Her mind the passage from her body frees.
 She drops her sword, she nods her plumed crest;
 Her drooping head declining on her breast:
 In the last sigh her struggling soul expires;
 And murmur'ing with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.

A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd:
 Despair and rage, the languish'd fight renew'd.
 The Trojan troops, and Tuscans in a line,
 Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

But Cynthia's maid, high-seated, from afar
 Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
 Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the plain,
 Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain;
 And round her corps, of friends and foes a fighting
 train.

Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew
 A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
 Too dear a fine, ah much lamented maid,
 For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!

Nor ought avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
 Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.
 Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
 Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
 Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
 But after ages shall thy praise record.
 Th'inglorious coward soon shall press the plain;
 Thus vows thy queen, and thus the fates ordain.

High o'er the field, there stood a hilly mound;
 Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;
 Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
 A king that once in Latium bore the sway.
 The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
 To mark the traitor Aruns, from the height.
 Him, in refulgent arms she soon espy'd,
 Swoln with success, and loudly thus she cry'd.
 Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;
 Turn, like a man at length, and meet thy fate.
 Charg'd with my message to Camilla go;
 And say I sent thee to the shades below;
 An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow.

She said: and from her quiver chose with speed
 The winged shaft, destin'd for the deed:
 Then, to the stubborn yew her strength apply'd;
 Till the far-distant horns approach'd on either side.
 The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
 Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
 At once the twanging bow, and sounding dart
 The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
 Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
 His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.

The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
The frightened soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed, than on their strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down:
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego;
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses with a rattling sound;
Beat short, and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust, come rowling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls, and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend heav'n with female shrieks; and wring their hands.
All pressing on, pursuers and pursu'd,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choak the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close:
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;
'Tis terror all within; and slaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or to the moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.

The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,
 Arm'd on the tow'rs the common danger share:
 So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;
 So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
 Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw;
 With imitated darts to gaul the foe.
 Their lives, for godlike freedom they bequeath;
 And crowd each other to be first in death.
 Meantime, to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
 With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.
 The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd,
 The foes entirely masters of the field,
 Like a resistless flood, come rowling on:
 The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.

Inflam'd with rage, (for so the furies fire
 The Daunian's breast, and so the fates require,)
 He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
 Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain:
 Scarce was he gone, when to the streights, now freed
 From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
 Thro' the black forest, and the ferny brake,
 Unknowingly secure, their way they take.
 From the rough mountains to the plain descend;
 And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
 Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:
 Nor far the distance of the space between.
 Both to the city bend: Aeneas sees,
 Thro' smoaking fields, his hast'ning enemies.
 And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
 And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.

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Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town, both armies ly:
While night with fable wings involves the sky.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat : articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas : he is miraculously cur'd by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field;
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd;
Himself become the mark of public spight,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd;
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rouz'd his vigour for the last debate;
And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.

As when the swains the Lybian lion chase,
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace;
But if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride:

He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain ;
 His side he lashes, and erects his mane.
 So Turnus fares ; his eye-balls flash with fire,
 Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran ;
 At length approach'd the king, and thus began.
 No more excuses or delays : I stand
 In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
 The base deserter of his native land.
 The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
 The same conditions which himself did make,
 Renew the truce, the solemn rites prepare ;
 And to my single virtue trust the war.
 The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight ;
 This arm unaided shall assert your right :
 Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
 To him the crown, and beauteous bride remain.

To whom the king sedately thus reply'd ;
 Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,
 The more becomes it us, with due respect
 To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
 You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
 Or cities, which your arms have made your own ;
 My towns and treasures are at your command ;
 And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land :
 Laurentum more than one Lavinia fees,
 Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.
 Now let me speak ; and you with patience hear,
 Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear :
 But sound advice, proceeding from a heart,
 Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.

The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
 No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne:
 Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
 And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.
 Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withstood,
 Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
 Urg'd by my wife, who wou'd not be deny'd;
 I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
 Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
 All ties of treaties, and of honour broke:
 On your account I wag'd an impious war,
 With what success 'tis needless to declare;
 I, and my subjects feel; and you have had your share. }
 Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody fields we strive,
 Scarce in our walls, we keep our hopes alive:
 The rowling flood runs warm with human gore;
 The bones of Latians glance the neighb'ring shore:
 Why put I not an end to this debate,
 Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?
 If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
 Why shou'd I not procure it, whilst you live.
 Shou'd I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
 What wou'd my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?
 And shou'd you fall in fight, (which heav'n defend) }
 How curse the cause, which hastn'd to his end,
 The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?
 Weigh in your mind, the various chance of war,
 Pity your parent's age, and ease his care.

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain;
 The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd the pain.

The wrathful youth, disdain the relief,
 With intermitting sobs, thus vents his grief.
 The care, O best of fathers, which you take
 For my concerns, at my desire, forsake.
 Permit me not to languish out my days;
 But make the best exchange of life for praise.
 This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;
 And the blood follows, where the weapon flies:
 His goddess mother is not near, to shrowd
 The flying coward, with an empty cloud.

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
 And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
 Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
 In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath.
 O Turnus I adjure thee by these tears;
 And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
 Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,
 My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;
 Since on the safety of thy life alone,
 Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
 Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r;
 To wave the combat, and pursue the war.
 Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
 Think it includes in thine Amata's life.
 I cannot live a slave; or see my throne
 Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son.

At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
 A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread;
 Varying her cheeks by turns, with white and red.
 The driving colours, never at a stay,
 Run here and there; and flush, and fade away.

Delightful change! thus Indian iv'ry shows,
Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows;
Or lillies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.

The lover gaz'd, and burning with desire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spight;
Rowl on his breast, and rowze him to the fight.

Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies.
O mother, do not by your tears prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if heav'n my death decree.

Then turning to the herald, thus pursues;
Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news,
Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light
Shall guild the heav'ns, he need not urge the fight:
The Trojan and Rutulian troops, no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride.

He said, and striding on, with speedy pace,
He fought his coursers of the Thracian race.
At his approach, they toss their heads on high;
And proudly neighing, promise victory.
The fires of these Orythia sent from far,
To grace Pylumus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.

Official grooms stand ready by his side;
 And some with combs their flowing manes divide,
 And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth their
 pride.

He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
 Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
 Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he ty'd;
 And girt his faithful fauchion to his side.
 In his Aetnean forge, the god of fire
 That fauchion labour'd for the hero's fire:
 Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
 And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
 Propp'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore,
 Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
 Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
 The tough ash trembled like an osier wand.
 Then cry'd, O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,
 And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain,
 Fail not this day thy wonted force: but go,
 Sent by this hand to pierce the Trojan foe:
 Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
 And from that eunuch head, to rend the crest:
 Dragg'd in the dust, his frizled hair to soil;
 Hot from the vexing ir'n. and smear'd with fragrant oil.

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
 A fiery stream, and sparkles from his eyes.
 So fares the bull in his lov'd female's fight;
 Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:
 He tries his goring horns against a tree;
 And meditates his absent enemy:

He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares,
To terminate at once the ling'ring wars;
To cheer his chiefs, and tender son, relates
What heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn ensuing from the mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' ethereal coursers bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming postrials breath'd the day:
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.
Beneath the walls, they measure out the space;
Then sacred altars rear, on fods of grafs; [place.
Where, with religious rites, their common gods they
In purest white, the priests their heads attire,
And living waters bear, and holy fire:
And o'er their linnen hoods, and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear.

In order issuing from the town, appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight;
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.

Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple dy'd.

Here Mnestheus author of the Memnïan line,
 And there Messapus born of seed divine
 The sign is giv'n, and round the listèd space,
 Each man in order fills his proper place.
 Reclining on their ample shields, they stand;
 And fix their pointed lances in the sand
 Now, studious of the fight, a num'rous throng
 Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,
 Swarm from the town: By those who rest behind,
 The gates and walls, and houses tops are lin'd.

Mean time the queen of heav'n beheld the fight,
 With eyes unpleas'd, from mount Albano's height:
 (Since call'd Albano by succeeding fame,
 But then an empty hill, without a name.)
 She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan pow'rs,
 The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow'rs.
 Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake,
 With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake;
 King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,
 Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd,
 Compress'd by force, but by the grateful god,
 Now made the Nais of the neighb'ring flood.

O nymph, the pride of living lakes, said she,
 O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,
 Long hast thou known, nor need I to record
 The wanton fallies of my wand'ring lord:
 Of ev'ry Latian fair, whom Jove mislèd,
 To mount by stealth, my violated bed,
 To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace;
 But gave a part of heav'n, and an unenvy'd place.

Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,
 Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.
 While fortune favour'd, nor heav'n's king deny'd,
 To lend my succour to the Latian side,
 I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state :
 But now he struggles with unequal fate ;
 And goes with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might,
 To meet inevitable death in fight :
 Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the fight.
 Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply ;
 It well becomes a sister's care to try.

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd,
 Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
 To whom Saturnia thus ; thy tears are late ;
 Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd from fate :
 New tumults kindle, violate the truce ;
 Who knows what changeful fortune may produce ?
 'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree,
 Or if it were, discharge the crime on me.
 She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,
 Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear :
 Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear :
 Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
 To mark his lineage from the god of day.
 Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,
 And in his hand two massy spears he shook :
 Then issu'd from the camp, in arms divine,
 Æneas, author of the Roman line :
 And by his side Ascanius took his place,
 The second hope of Rome's immortal race.

Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears;
 And off'rings to the flaming altars bears;
 A porket, and a lamb, that never suffer'd shears.
 Then, to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
 And strews the beasts, design'd for sacrifice,
 With salt, and meal: with like officious care
 He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
 Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds,
 With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.
 Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
 And thus with pious pray'rs the gods ador'd.

All seeing sun, and thou Ausonian soil,
 For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,
 Thou king of heav'n, and thou the queen of air,
 (Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r,)
 Thou god of war, whose unresisted sway
 The labours and events of arms obey;
 Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
 All pow'rs of ocean, all etherial gods,
 Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
 Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
 My Trojans shall increase Evander's town;
 Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:
 All claims, all questions of debate shall cease;
 Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
 But if my juster arms prevail in fight,
 As sure they shall, if I divine aright,
 My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign;
 Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain:
 Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
 I ask but altars for my weary gods:

The care of those religious rites be mine;
 The crown to king Latinus I resign:
 His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I share
 His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.
 For me, my friends another town shall frame,
 And bless the rising tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name.

Thus he. Then with erected eyes and hands,
 The Latian king before his altar stands.
 By the same heav'n, said he, and earth, and main,
 And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain;
 By hell below, and by that upper god,
 Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his nod;
 So let Latona's double offspring hear,
 And double fronted Janus, what I swear;
 I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
 And all those pow'rs attest, and all their names:
 Whatever chance befall on either side,
 No term of time this union shall divide:
 No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
 Or shake the stedfast tenor of my mind:
 Not tho' the circling seas should break their bound,
 O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;
 Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their spheres forsake,
 Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:
 Ev'n as this royal scepter, (for he bore
 A scepter in his hand) shall never more
 Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth;
 (An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
 By the keen ax, dishonour'd of its hair,
 And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear.)

When thus in public view the peace was ty'd,
 With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
 All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
 The victim beasts are slain before the fire:
 The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
 And to the fatten'd flames in chargers born.

Already the Rutulians deem their man
 O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
 First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the crowd;
 Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud.
 Now side to side, they measure with their eyes
 The champions bulk, their sinews, and their size:
 The nearer they approach, the more is known
 Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
 Turnus himself, appears in public sight,
 Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
 Slowly he moves; and at his altar stands
 With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:
 And while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,
 A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.

With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
 Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,
 When their short sighs, and thick'ning sobs she heard,
 And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
 Dissembling her immortal form, she took
 Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look;
 A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
 Was his great sire, and he, his greater son.
 His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
 And humouring their first motions, thus began.

For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the fight,
 Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
 Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess
 Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
 View all the Trojan host, th'Arcadian band,
 And Tuscan army; count them as they stand,
 Undaunted to the battle, if we go,
 Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.
 Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife
 Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life:
 Or change it rather for immortal fame,
 Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
 But you, a servile and inglorious band,
 For foreign lords shall sow your native land:
 Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
 Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd.
 With words like these, she cary'd her design;
 A rising murmur runs along the line.
 Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians, tir'd
 With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:
 Their champion's fate with pity they lament;
 And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
 With lying wonders, and a false presage:
 But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
 Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
 For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
 Appears in pomp th'imperial bird of Jove:
 A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes;
 And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes.

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 And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes.

Then stooping on the fairest of the train,
 In his strong talons trufs'd a silver swan.
 Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
 But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
 Behold the dastard fowl return anew;
 And with united force the foe pursue:
 Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly;
 And thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
 They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course;
 Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force:
 But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey;
 And, lighten'd of his burthen, wings his way.

Th'Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight:
 Eager of action, and demand the fight.
 Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs arts,
 Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts.
 At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd;
 This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
 Ye gods, I take your omen. and obey:
 Advance, my friends, and charge, I lead the way.
 These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
 Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
 But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
 By strength united, and forego the prey:
 Your timely succour to your country bring;
 Haste to the rescue; and redeem your king.

He said: and pressing onward, thro' the crew,
 Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
 The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
 Came driving on; nor miss'd the mark design'd.

At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
 At once tumultuous shouts, and clamours rise.
 Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
 Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood:
 Gylippus sons: the fatal jav'lin flew,
 Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
 A passage thro' the jointed arms it found,
 Just where the belt was to the body bound;
 And struck the gentle youth, extended on the ground.
 Then fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train
 Run madly forward, to revenge the slain.
 And some with eager haste their jav'lins throw;
 And some, with sword in hand, assault the foe.

The wish'd insult the Latin troops embrace;
 And meet their ardour in the middle space.
 The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
 With equal courage obviate their design.
 Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
 Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
 With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
 The sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.
 Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
 And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:
 Brands from the fire, are missive weapons made;
 With chargers, bows, and all the priestly trade.
 Latinus frighted, hastens from the fray,
 And bears his unregarded gods away.
 These on their horses vault, those yoke the car;
 The rest with swords on high, run headlong to the war.
 Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
 Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting peace,

At king Aulestes; by his purple known
 A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown:
 And with a shock encount'ring, bore him down.
 Backward he fell; and as his fate design'd,
 The ruins of an altar were behind:
 There pitching on his shoulders, and his head,
 Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.
 The beamy spear, descending from above,
 His cuirass pierc'd, and through his body drove.
 Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries;
 The gods have found a fitter sacrifice.
 Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
 Of his rich armour; and uncrown his head.

Priest Chorinaeus arm'd his better hand,
 From his own altar, with a blazing brand:
 And, as Euboeus, with a thund'ring pace
 Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:
 His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires,
 The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.
 Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
 With his left hand; his other cast him down.
 The prostrate body with his knees he press'd;
 And plung'd his holy poniard in his breast.

While Podalirius, with his sword, pursu'd
 The shepherd Alnus thro' the flying crowd,
 Swiftly he turns; and aims a deadly blow,
 Full on the front of his unwary foe.
 The broad ax enters, with a crashing sound,
 And cleaves the chin, with one continu'd wound:
 Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms
 around.

An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
 And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
 But good Aeneas rush'd amid the bands,
 Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,
 In sign of truce then thus he cries aloud,
 What sudden rage, what new desire of blood
 Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans cease
 From impious arms nor violate the peace.
 By human sanctions, and by laws divine,
 The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
 Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
 This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
 Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
 To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe.

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
 A winged arrow stuck the pious prince.
 But whether from some human hand it came,
 Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
 No human hand, or hostile god was found,
 To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain.
 His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train:
 Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires,
 At once his arms and coursers he requires.
 Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
 And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
 He drives impetuous, and where'er he goes,
 He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
 These his lance reaches, over those he rows
 His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:

In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends
 The dead mens weapons at their living friends.
 Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
 The god of battles in his angry mood,
 Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
 Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field:
 Before the wind his fiery courfers fly,
 Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
 Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair,
 Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car;
 Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
 Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
 His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
 He lashes on; and urges o'er the dead.
 Their fetlocks run with blood, and when they bound,
 The gore, and gath'ring dust, are dash'd around.
 Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
 He kill'd at hand, but St Helenus afar:
 From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,
 Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew:
 Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd;
 Or mount the courser that outstrips the wind.

Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
 New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
 This son of Dolon bore his grandfire's name;
 But emulated more his father's fame.
 His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
 The Grecian camp and order to descry:
 Hard enterprize, and well he might require
 Achilles' car, and horses for his hire:

But, met upon the scout, th' Etolian prince
In death bestow'd a juster recompence.

Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar;
And launch'd his jav'lin from his lofty car:
Then lightly leaping down pursu'd the blow,
And, pressing with his foot, his prostrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword;
And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.
Possess, said he, the fruit of all thy pains,
And measure, at thy length, our Larian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the
land.

Then Dares, Butes, Sybaris he slew,
Whom o'er his neck his flounding courser threw.
As when loud Boreas with his blust'ring train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before;
And rows the billows on th' Ægean shore:
So where resitless Turnus takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force:
His crest of horse's hair is blown behind,
By adverse air; and rustles in the wind.

This haughty Phœgeus saw with high disdain,
And as the chariot rowl'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the rein
Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold;
The coursers frighted, and their course controll'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plaited arms; but pass'd along,

And only raz'd the skin: he turn'd, and held
 Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield:
 Then call'd for aid: but while he cry'd in vain,
 The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
 He lies revers'd; the victor king descends,
 And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
 He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk
 With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
 The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field:
 Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often try'd,
 And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,
 Conduct him to his tent: scarce can he rear
 His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
 Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
 He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
 The steel remains. No readier way he found
 To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the wound.
 Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
 He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.

Iapis was at hand to prove his art,
 Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
 That for his love he proffer'd to bestow
 His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow.
 The pious youth, more studious how to save
 His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
 Preferr'd the power of plants, and silent praise
 Of healing arts, before Phoebeian bays.

Prop'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
 And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.

The fam'd physician tucks his robes around,
 With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
 With gentle touches he performs his part,
 This way and that, solliciting the dart,
 And exercises all his heav'nly art.

All soft'ning simples, known of sov'rain use,
 He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
 These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
 He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
 Then, to the patron of his art he pray'd;
 The patron of his art refus'd his aid.

Mean time the war approaches to the tents;
 Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
 The driving dust proclaims the danger near,
 And first their friends, and then their foes appear;
 Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.
 The camp is fill'd with terror and affright,
 The hissing shafts within the trench alight:
 An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky; [die.
 The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who

But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
 And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
 A branch of healing dittany she brought;
 Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought:
 Rough is the stem, which wooly leaves surround;
 The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple crown'd:
 Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
 To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
 This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
 Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dews,

And od'rous panacee: unseen she stands,
 Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands:
 And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd [wound.
 With juice of med'cinal herbs prepar'd to bathe the
 The leech, unknowing of superior art,
 Which aids the cure, with this foment the part;
 And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
 Staunch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
 The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
 Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
 And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
 Iapis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
 And first the footsteps of a god he found.
 Arms, arms, he cries, the sword and shield prepare,
 And send the willing chief, renew'd to war.
 This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
 Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
 Some god our gen'ral to the battle sends;
 Some god preserves his life for greater ends.
 The hero arms in haste: his hands infold
 His thighs with cuisses of refulgent gold:
 Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
 That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
 This gripes the lance; and with such vigour shakes,
 That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
 Then, with a close embrace he strain'd his son;
 And kissing thro' his helmet, thus begun.
 My son, from my example learn the war,
 In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare:
 But happier chance than mine attend thy care.

This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
 And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
 Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth,
 To toils of war, be mindful of my worth:
 Assert thy birthright; and in arms be known,
 For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son.

He said, and, striding, issu'd on the plain;
 Anteus, and Mnestheus, and a num'rous train
 Attend his steps: the rest their weapons take,
 And crowding to the field, the camp for sake.
 A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around;
 Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
 Beheld the progress of the moving war:
 With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
 And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
 Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear;
 And hear'd the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
 Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train,
 Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
 As when a whirlwind rushing to the shore,
 From the mid ocean, drives the waves before:
 The painful hind, with heavy heart foresees,
 The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees;
 With less impetuous rage the prince appears,
 Before his doubled front; nor less destruction bears.
 And now both armies shock, in open field;
 Osyris is by strong Thymbraeus kill'd.
 Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain;
 (All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train;)

By Gyas, Mnestheus, and Achates' hand :
 The fatal augur falls, by whose command
 The truce was broken, and whose lance embru'd
 With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
 Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky ;
 And o'er the field the frightened Latins fly.
 The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
 Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few :
 Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
 He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
 Juturna heard, and seiz'd with mortal fear,
 Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer ;
 Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien ;
 And like Metiscus, in his seat is seen.

As the black swallow near the palace plies ;
 O'er empty courts, and under arches flies ;
 Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
 To furnish her loquacious nest with food :
 So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains ;
 The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
 She steers a various course among the foes ;
 Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother shows :
 Now with a streight, now with a wheeling flight,
 She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
 Aeneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
 And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud :
 He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
 To stop the chariot, but the chariot flies.
 If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
 And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What should he do! nor arts nor arms avail;
 And various cares in vain his mind assail.
 The great Messapus thund'ring thro' the field,
 In his left hand two pointed jav'lins held;
 Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,
 And with unerring aim, and utmost vigour threw.
 Aeneas saw it come, and stooping low
 Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.
 The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
 The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
 Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
 That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight;
 The prince, whose piety had long repell'd
 His isborn ardour, now invades the field:
 Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,
 Their rites, and injur'd altars to redress:
 Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
 With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.

What god can tell, what numbers can display
 The various labours of that fatal day!
 What chiefs, and champions fell on either side,
 In combat slain, or by what deaths they dy'd?
 Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd:
 Who shar'd the fame, and fortune of the field?
 Jove, cou'dst thou view, and not avert thy sight,
 Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
 Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite?

Aeneas first Rutulian Sucro found,
 Whose valour made the Trojans quit their ground:
 Betwixt his ribs the jav'lin drove so just,
 It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.

Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew;
 First from his horse fierce Amycus he threw;
 Then leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
 Dioreas, and in equal fight prevail'd.
 Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
 Their heads distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw;
 Whom without respite at one charge he slew:
 Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd,
 And sad Onythes, added to the rest;
 Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.

Turnus, two brothers from the Lycian shore,
 And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
 O'erthrew, nor Phoebus cou'd their fate prevent.
 Peaceful Maenetes after these he kill'd,
 Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
 On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
 And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.
 Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
 But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.
 Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
 Discharg'd his rent, and plow'd another's land.

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown,
 On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown,
 The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire;
 The frighted silvans from their shades retire:
 Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high,
 Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry:
 They rowl to sea with unresisted force,
 And down the rocks precipitate their course:

Not with less rage the rival heroes take
 Their diff'rent ways, nor less destruction make.
 With spears afar, with swords at hand they strike;
 And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
 Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field,
 And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
 They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
 And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
 From a long royal race of Latian kings,
 Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
 Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:
 Betwixt the wheels he fell the wheels that bore
 His living load, his dying body tore.
 His starting steeds to shun the glitt'ring sword,
 Paw down his trampled limbs, forgerful of their lord.

Fierce Hillus threaten'd high; and face to face
 Affronted Turnus in the middle space:
 The prince encounter'd him in full career,
 And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear:
 So fatally the flying weapon sped,
 That thro' his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
 Nor Cisseus could'st thou scape from Turnus' hand,
 In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band:
 Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford,
 Availing aid against th' Aenean sword:
 Which to his naked heart purtu'd the course:
 Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.

Iolas fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,
 Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,

Were doom'd to kill, while heav'n prolong'd his date:
 But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by fate?
 In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held
 Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
 Of all the mighty man, the last remains
 A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite,
 In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight,
 Sereſthus, and undaunted Mneſtheus join
 The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:
 Sea-born Meſſapus, with Atinas, heads
 The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.
 They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space;
 Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace;
 And where one falls, another fills his place.

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
 To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town.
 For while he rolls his eyes around the plain,
 In quest of Furnus, whom he seeks in vain,
 He views th' unguarded city from afar,
 In careless quiet, and secure of war:
 Occasion offers, and excites his mind,
 To dare beyond the task he first design'd.
 Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs: they leave the fight;
 Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height:
 The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,
 All under arms, and wait his high command.
 Then thus the lofty prince: hear and obey,
 Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.
 Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
 Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.

Your instant arms against the town prepare;
 The source of mischief, and the seat of war.
 This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the sky,
 Shall level with the plain in ashes lye:
 The people shall be slaves; unless in time
 They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
 Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain;
 Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
 Your force against the perjur'd city bend:
 There it began, and there the war shall end.
 The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires:
 Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires.

He finish'd; and one soul inspiring all,
 Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
 Without the town, an unprovided train
 Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
 Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear;
 And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
 The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
 And clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
 Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
 And stretching out to heav'n his pious hands;
 Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
 Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince:
 Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,
 And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.

Dissenting clamours in the town arise;
 Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
 One part for peace, and one for war contends:
 Some wou'd exclude their foes, and some admit their
 friends.

The helpless king is hurry'd in the throng;
And whate'er tide prevails, is born along.

Thus when the swain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Disus'd to flight; and shoot their sleepy stings:
To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try;
Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.

But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.

The queen, who saw the foes invade the town;
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown:
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear;
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain:
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves against the gods, she bears her breast,
She tears with both her hands her purple vest.
Then round a beam a running noose she ty'd;
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely dy'd.

Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
And to her dames, and to her daughter known;
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share [spair.
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of de-
The spreading rumour fills the public place;
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry face.

Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
 Both for his public, and his private woes :
 With filth his venerable beard besmears,
 And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
 And much he blames the softness of his mind,
 Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
 And soon seduc'd to change, what he so well design'd:
 To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
 Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy requir'd.

Now Turnus rowls aloof o'er empty plains,
 And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
 His flying coursers please him less and less,
 Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.
 Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
 The distant cries come driving in the wind :
 Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd;
 A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.
 Alas, said he, what mean these dismal cries,
 What doleful clamours from the town arise?
 Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the reins :
 She, who the driver's office now sustains,
 Replies; Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
 Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
 There want not others to defend the wall:
 If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall,
 So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
 In honour equal, equal in success.

To this, the prince; O sister, (for I knew
 The peace infring'd, proceeded first from you,)
 I knew you, when you mingled first in fight,
 And now in vain you wou'd deceive my sight :

Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
 Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd in air,
 Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
 And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
 For, to what pow'r can Turnus have recourse,
 Or how resist his fate's prevailing force!
 These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground,
 Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
 I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath,
 My name invoking to revenge his death:
 Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place;
 To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.
 On earth supine, a manly corps he lies;
 His vest and armour are the victor's prize.
 Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
 Which only wanted to compleat my shame?
 How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight;
 How Drances will insult, and point them to the sight
 Is death so hard to bear? ye gods below,
 (Since those above so small compassion show,)
 Receive a soul unfully'd yet with shame,
 Which not belies my great forefather's name.

He said: and while he spoke, with flying speed,
 Came Sages urging on his foamy steed;
 Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
 And seeking Turnus sent his voice before:
 Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
 Our last relief; compassionate your friends.
 Like light'ning, fierce Aeneas, rowling on,
 With arms invests, with flames invades the town:

The brands are toss'd on high; the winds conspire
 To drive along the deluge of the fire:
 All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
 Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice:
 Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
 Whom to reject; or whom to call his son.
 The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
 Her self suborning death, has breath'd her last.
 'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
 With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
 On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe;
 The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
 An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow. }
 You, far aloof from your forsaken bands,
 Your rowling chariot drive o'er empty sands.

Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
 And various cares revolving in his mind:
 Rage boiling from the bottom of his breast,
 And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd:
 And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought;
 And love by jealousy to madness wrought.
 By slow degrees his reason drove away
 The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
 Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look;
 And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
 A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,
 Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd:
 And bridges laid above to join the space;
 And wheels below to rowl from place to place.
 Sister, the fates have vanquish'd: let us go
 The way which heav'n and my hard fortune show.

The fight is fix'd : nor shall the branded name
 Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
 Death is my choice ; but suffer me to try
 My force, and vent my rage before I die.
 He said, and leaping down without delay,
 Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
 Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
 And left the grieving goddess far behind.
 As when a fragment, from a mountain torn
 By raging tempests, or by torrents born,
 Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,
 Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin shoots,
 Rowling from crag to crag, from steep to steep ;
 Down sink, at once the shepherds and their sheep,
 Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground, [rebound:
 Stunn'd with the shock they fall, and stunn'd from earth
 So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
 Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
 Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
 Where shafts, and spears, and darts promiscuous flew ;
 And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground embrew. }
 First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
 He cries aloud, to make the combat cease :
 Rutulians hold, and Latin troops retire ;
 The fight is mine, and me the gods require.
 'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
 The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
 This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state ;
 Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.

Both armies from their bloody work desist :
 And bearing backward, form a spacious list.

The Trojan hero who receiv'd from fame
 The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
 Soon leaves the taken works, and mounted walls,
 Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
 He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
 His jointed armour rattles in the course.
 Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
 Or father Appenine, when white with snows,
 His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides;
 And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

The nations over-aw'd, surcease the fight,
 Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their sight:
 Ev'n death stands still; nor from above they throw
 Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring rams below.
 In silent order either army stands;
 And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
 Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wond'ring sight,
 Two mighty champions match'd in single fight:
 Born under climes remote; and brought by fate,
 With swords to try their titles to the state.

Now in clos'd field, each other from afar
 They view; and rushing on, begin the war.
 They launch their spears, then hand to hand they meet;
 The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:
 Their bucklers clath; thick blows descend from high,
 And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
 Courage conspires with chance; and both ingage
 With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage

As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
 In Siia's shades, or on Taburnus' height;

With horns adverse they meet : the keeper flies :
 Mute stands the herd, the heifers rowl their eyes ;
 And wait th' event ; which victor they shall bear,
 And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year :
 With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
 And push for push, and wound for wound return :
 Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood ;
 Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow through the
 Such was the combat in the list'd ground ; [wood :
 So clash their swords and so their shields resound.

Jove sets the beam ; in either scale he lays
 The champions fate, and each exactly weighs.
 On this side life, and lucky chance ascends :
 Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
 Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow,
 Full on the helm of his unguarded foe :
 Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side ;
 As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
 But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
 And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
 Now 'tis but death, or flight : disarm'd he flies,
 When in his hand, an unknown hilt he spies.
 Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
 Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
 Snatch'd the first weapon, which his haste cou'd find. }
 'Twas not the fated sword his father bore ;
 But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
 This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held ;
 But vain against the great Vulcanian shield,
 The mortal temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand :
 The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.

Surpriz'd with fear, he fled along the field;
 And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd.
 For here the Trojan troops the list surround; [ground.
 And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy
 Aeneas hastens, tho with heavier pace,
 His wound, tho' newly knit, retards the chace:
 And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,
 Yet pressing foot by foot his foe pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
 With crimson toils, or in a river found;
 High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears;
 Still opening, following still, where'er he steers:
 The persecuted creature, to, and fro,
 Turns here and there, to scape his Umbrian foe:
 Steep is th' ascent, and if he gains the land,
 The purple death is pitch'd along the strand:
 His eager foe determin'd to the chace,
 Stretch'd at his length gains ground at ev'ry pace:
 Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
 And now he holds, or thinks he holds his prey:
 Just at the pinch the stag springs out with fear,
 He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air.
 The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
 The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.

Thus flies the Daunian prince: and, flying, blames
 His tardy troops; and calling by their names,
 Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
 The realm with ruin, and their antient seats
 To lay in ashes, if they dare supply
 With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy:

Thus menacing, he still pursues the course,
 With vigour, tho' diminish'd of his force.
 Ten times, already, round the list'd place,
 One chief had fled, and t' other giv'n the chase:
 No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
 Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife.

Within the space, an olive tree had stood,
 A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
 For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian god.
 Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,
 Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.
 With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
 To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
 Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
 Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance:
 Then stoop'd, and tug'd with force immense to free
 Th' incumber'd spear, from the tenacious tree:
 That whom his fainting limbs pursu'd in vain,
 His flying weapon might from far attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid,
 Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd.
 O Faunus pity, and thou mother earth,
 Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth;
 Hold fast the steel; if my religious hand
 Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;
 Propitious hear my pious pray'r! he said,
 Nor with successless vows invok'd their aid.
 Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd;
 But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
 Juturna took her time; and while in vain
 He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again:

And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
 To the despairing prince, his Daunian sword.
 The queen of love, who, with disdain and grief,
 Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief;
 T' assert her off-spring, with a greater deed,
 From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.

Once more crest, the rival chiefs advance;
 One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance:
 And both resolv'd alike, to try their fatal chance.

Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
 Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock;
 What new arrest, O queen of heav'n, is sent
 To stop the fates now lab'ring in th'event.
 What farther hopes are left thee to pursue?
 Divine Aeneas, (and thou know'st it too.)
 Fore-doom'd to these coelestial seats is due.
 What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
 That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade!
 Is it becoming of the due respect,
 And awful honour of a god elect,
 A wound unworthy of our state to feel;
 Patient of human hands, and earthly steel?
 Or seems it just, the sister shou'd restore
 A second sword, when one was lost before;
 And arm a conquer'd wretch, against his conqueror?
 For what without thy knowledge and avow,
 Nay more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?
 At last, in deference to my love, forbear
 To lodge within thy soul this anxious care:
 Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload;
 Who shou'd relieve the goddess, but the god?

Now, all things to their utmost issue tend;
 Push'd by the fates to their appointed end:
 While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
 For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r:
 Toss'd on the seas, thou cou'd'st thy foes distress,
 And driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress:
 Deform the royal house; and from the side
 Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:

Now cease at my command. The thund'rer said:
 And with dejected eyes this answer Juno made.
 Because your dread decree too well I knew;
 From Turnus, and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
 Else shou'd you not behold me here alone,
 Involv'd in empty clouds my friends bemoan:
 But girt with vengeful flames, in open fight,
 Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
 'Tis true Iturna mingled in the strife
 By my command, to save her brother's life;
 At least to try: but by the Stygian lake,
 (The most religious oath the gods can take,)
 With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
 Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
 And now resign'd to your superior might,
 And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loath the fight.
 This let me beg. (and this no fates withstand)
 Both for myself, and for your father's land,
 That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace;
 (Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless,)
 The laws of either nation be the same;
 But let the Latins still retain their name:

Speak the same language which they spoke before;
 Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore:
 Call them not Trojans: perish the renown,
 And name of Troy, with that detested town.
 Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign,
 And Rome's immortal majesty remain.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies:
 (Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes,)
 Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir,
 Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
 Be mistress, and your full desires obtain:
 But quench the choler you foment in vain.
 From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,
 Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
 The Trojans to their customs shall be ty'd,
 I will, myself, their common rites provide;
 The natives shall command, the foreigners subside.
 All shall be Latium; Troy without a name:
 And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
 From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,
 Equal to gods, excelling all below.
 No nation more respect to you shall pay,
 Or greater off'rings on your altars lay.
 Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
 Had found success, and from the cloud retires.

The peace thus made, the thund'rer next prepares
 To force the wat'ry goddesses from the wars.
 Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,
 Three daughters at a birth were born to night:

These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
 Endu'd with windy wings to flit in air:
 With serpents girt alike; and crown'd with hissing
 - hair.

In heav'n the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
 Before the throne of angry Jove they stand.
 His ministers of wrath; and ready still
 The minds of mortal men with fears to fill:
 When e'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate
 On realms, or towns deserving of their fate,
 Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly care,
 And terrifies the guilty world with war.
 One sister plague of these from heav'n he sent,
 To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
 The pest comes whirling down: by far more slow
 Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow,
 Or Cydon yew; when traversing the skies,
 And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure destruction
 flies.

With such a sudden and unseen a flight,
 Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of the night.
 Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view,
 And from afar her destin'd quarry knew:
 Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,
 Which haunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns;
 And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;
 Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings.
 Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries,
 The fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
 Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.

A lazy chillness crept along his blood,
 Choak'd was his voice, his hair with horror stood.
 Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
 And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry,
 And stridour of her wings. Amaz'd with fear,
 Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing hair.
 Ah me, she cries, in this unequal strife,
 What can thy sister more to save thy life!
 Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
 In arms, with that inexorable fiend!
 Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
 My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night!
 The lashing of your wings I know too well:
 The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!
 These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
 The worthy recompence of ravish'd love!
 Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
 O hard conditions of immortal state!
 Tho born to death, not privileg'd to die,
 But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
 Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
 Companion to my brother's ghost below!
 The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains,
 Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
 What earth will open her devouring womb,
 To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!
 She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said;
 But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head:
 Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair,
 And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
 Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear,
 What farther subterfuge can Turnus find;
 What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
 'Tis not thy swiftneſs can ſecure thy flight:
 Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
 Vary thy ſhape in thouſand forms, and dare
 What ſkill and courage can attempt in war:
 Wiſh for the wings of winds, to mount the ſky;
 Or hid, within the hollow earth to lye. [reply.
 The champion ſhook his head; and made this ſhort }
 No threats of thine, my manly mind can move:
 'Tis hoſtile heav'n I dread; and partial Joye.
 He ſaid no more: but with a ſigh, repreſs'd
 The mighty ſorrow, in his ſwelilng breſt.
 Then, as he rowl'd his troubled eyes around, }
 An antique ſtone he ſaw: the common bound
 Of neighb'ring fields: and barrier of the ground:
 So vaſt, that twelve ſtrong men of modern days,
 Th'enormous weight from earth cou'd hardly raiſe.
 He heav'd it at a liſt: and poiz'd on high,
 Ran ſtagg'ring on, againſt his enemy.
 But ſo diſorder'd, that he ſcarcely knew
 His way: or what unwieldy weight he threw.
 His knocking knees are bent beneath the load:
 And ſhiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
 The ſtone drops from his arms: and falling ſhort,
 For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
 And as, when heavy ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
 The ſickly fancy labours in the night:

We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
 Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
 In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
 The nerves unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;
 And, on the tongue the falt'ring accents die:
 So Turnus far'd: whatever means he try'd,
 All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
 The fury flew athwart; and made th' endeavour void.

A thousand various thoughts his soul confound:
 He star'd about; nor aid nor issue found: [round.
 His own men stop the pass; and his own walls sur-
 Once more he pauses; and looks out again:
 And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.

Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance:
 And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:

Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring foe,
 Forgets to ward; and waits the coming blow.
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
 Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
 The destin'd mark: and rising as he threw,
 With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
 Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls;
 Or stones from batt'ring engines break the walls:
 Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
 The lance drove on; and bore the death along.
 Nought could his sev'nfold shield the prince avail,
 Nor ought beneath his arms the coat of mail;
 It pierc'd through all; and with a grizly wound,
 Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.

With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid;
With eyes cast upward, and with arms display'd;
And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd.
I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods, and thy good fortune give.

Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be shown,
(Thou hadst a father once; and hast a son):
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
And for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death;
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife:
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife.

In deep suspence the Trojan seem'd to stand;
And just prepar'd to strike repress'd his hand.
He rowl'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt,
When, casting down a casual glance, he spy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side:
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries,
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes:)
Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.

He rais'd his arm aloft ; and at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around :
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.

F I N I S.



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